
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1804.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

ADAM FERGUSON, LL. D.

WE have, on former occasions, borne our testimony to the *literati of Scotland*, who have, in the various departments of science, attained to distinguished celebrity. No apology, therefore, can be deemed necessary for the introduction of the present character, who has deserved so well of mankind.

Dr. ADAM FERGUSON was born 1724, in Perthshire, at a place of which his father was a parochial minister. Having received the usual education at the parish grammar-school, was sent to Perth, where he soon displayed uncommon ability. His school exercises, it is said, were entitled to and received a large portion of commendation.

In the year 1739 he was sent to the University of St. Andrews, where, on account of his

proficiency in the Latin tongue, he obtained a nomination to a scholarship. The Greek language, mathematics, logic, and metaphysical science engaged his attention for years; indeed he gave them the closest application.

From St. Andrews he passed on to the University of Edinburgh, where he was about to enter on the study of theology. Here he, for two successive years, heard lectures upon moral philosophy, natural philosophy, and divinity. At this time he associated with several young men of genius and talents, who have since risen to distinction.

He not long after this period became chaplain to a regiment, in discharging of which functions he gave general satisfaction. In the year 1748, he, however, quitted this situation, and resided for some time with his father in his native country.

An offer was soon made him to become *preceptor* to the children of the late Earl of Bute, in whose family he drew the first sketch of his *Essay on Civil Society*. Having shewn his production to David Hume and Adam Smith, they read it with admiration, and were of opinion that its author ought to fill an academical chair in one of the Scottish Universities. Accordingly, by their joint interest, he was, in 1759, appointed to the professorship of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. This department he filled for four or five sessions, when he obtained the professorship of *moral philosophy*, the business of which was more congenial to his talents and disposition. Besides

the grace and dignity of his person, he was an eloquent speaker: hence, from the period of his elevation to the ethical chair, the study of moral philosophy became highly popular in the University.

In 1767 his *Essay on Civil Society* was published. Applauded by Hume and Smith, it engaged a great degree of attention from the republic of letters. Unusual as it is with books of science, the performance deservedly passed through several editions.

The year 1773 saw him accompanying the present Earl of Chesterfield in his travels over the continent of Europe. He, however, speedily returned and resumed his official duties at Edinburgh.

In the year 1776 he was employed by government in a singular mission to America. He was one of the five commissioners who were sent out on a fruitless negociation to compose the American troubles. But the business was, alas! too far gone, on both sides, to effect an honourable and lasting reconciliation. He soon returned to his native island, and renewed the discharge of his professorial duties with increasing satisfaction.

In the year 1784 Dr. Ferguson retired from public life, where he has employed his talents and learning in a manner conducive to the instruction of mankind. He had before published his celebrated work, entitled his *History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic*: and now he laid before the public his *Principle of Moral and Political Science*. This production,

though it cannot boast of much novelty, served to confirm and establish his literary celebrity.

After this publication had made its appearance, the author took an excursion into Italy, where he was honored with many flattering tokens of attention. The purport of this continental visit was partly to gratify curiosity, and partly to examine some monuments of the ancient Romans, which might afford new lights for the improvement of his history.

Upon his return he brought out a new edition of the work, with considerable improvements. It is the best English history of the Roman Republic; and, therefore, we trust that it will find its way to a permanent stability and duration.

The author now having reached a very advanced age, resides in the vicinity of Edinburgh, much beloved by a large and respectable circle of connections. Indeed he has, through life, been esteemed for the mildness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners. His temper and conduct have ensured to him general admiration.

Dr. Ferguson, in the year 1767, married Miss Burnett, the niece of the illustrious *Dr. Joseph Black*, by whom he has had a numerous and promising family. Thus the pleasures of science, and the enjoyments of social life, are happily mingled together. Indeed such an union of rational gratification constitutes the perfection of human felicity.

Islington.

J. E.

*THE REFLECTOR.*NO. 88.

THE POWERS OF GENIUS;

A POEM.

*By John Blair Linn, A. M.*BOOK II.

WE proceed with pleasure to analyze the *second* part of this charming poem. We shall meet with several pleasing delineations of the *Sons of Genius*; those illustrious names which have at once enriched and embellished the annals of English literature.

Johnson is thus delineated:—

With vast conception, steadfast and alone,
See *Johnson* seated on his critic throne;
Genius with science and with judgment meet,
And form in him a character complete;
Throughout this isle the candidates for fame
Bow with just reverence at his mighty name.
When he the poet's life sublimely draws,
The world grows wise by his poetic laws;
Whene'er he *rambles* thro' the haunts of men,
Instruction follows his impressive pen;
Whene'er he wakes the music of his lyre,
The world must honor—Genius must admire:
When he in oriental numbers sings,
Invention wafts him on her boldest wings!

Gray is thus brought forward:—

With all the learning of his favour'd isle,
With genius basking in the Muse's smile,

See pensive *Gray* awake the Theban lyre,
 And soar to heights where Pindar would expire !
 When tolls the curfew the departing day,
 " And lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,"
 Mark how in thoughtful mood he takes his way,
 Thro' the lone church-yard to his favorite tree !
 Or see him by the green wood side alone,
 While homeward hies the swain, his labor done ;
 Oft as the woodlark pipes his farewell song,
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun !

Corwper is happily though too briefly drawn ;
 his merits entitled him to a few lines more :—

Hear *Corwper* raise his bold and moral song,
 Arm'd with sweet tenderness, in virtue strong ;
 Truth, while he sings, lets fall her honest tears,
 And mad Oppression startles while he hears !

Novel writers are then mentioned, particularly
 Rousseau, Richardson, Fielding, Radcliffe, and
 Burney:—the latter is well depicted :—

By fancy crown'd, to every bosom known,
 Amid those scenes which Truth and Nature own ;
 See *Burney* move with her creative wand,
 And bind our passions with her silken band ;
 Draw *Evelina* from her native shade,
 In artless innocence and love array'd ;
 Bid us to follow all her devious way,
 To own and feel the impulse of her sway !

The display of *Genius*, in Female Writers, is
 worth transcription :---

Behold enforc'd in *More's* instructive page
 Lessons of virtue for this careless age :
 Hear *Seward* weeping over André's grave,
 And call for Cook, the spirit of the wave !
 To *Smith's* Romances fairy scenes belong,
 And Pity loves her elegiac song.

Carter both science and invention own,
And *Genius* welcomes from her watchful throne.
Or *Barbauld's* verse the circling Muses smile,
And hail her brightest songstress of the British isle!

Having mentioned *Leibnitz*, *Milton*, and *Holles*, as the three most universal geniuses of modern writers, the poet thus proceeds:---

But few can sway the boundless field of art,
To few will *Genius* all her gifts impart;
One she enables on the winds to soar,
And higher regions of the air explore:
To one she gives the sovereign power to trace
The planet, wheeling thro' the world of space:
She digs with chymists in the deepest caves,
And bounds with seamen o'er the distant waves!
To one she gives the microscopic eye,
To scan the legs and pinions of a fly:
She leads bold *Cæsar* o'er the rolling flood,
Thro' trackless forests, and thro' scenes of blood;
Others she leads thro' Nature's widening range,
To mark the seasons and their ceaseless change:
To some she gives the love and power of song,
To move with strength and harmony along;
To hold the torch of satire in their hand,
And scatter light thro' a deluded land;
While some she gives the orator's controul,
To roll their thunder o'er the prostrate soul!

We close with recommending the young reader to ascertain and cultivate his own genius; thus will he become an useful and a respectable member of society.

Islington.

E.

Mrs. SIDDONS and the YOUNG BARRISTER.

MRS. SIDDONS has for nearly these two months past been extremely annoyed by the innumerable applications by letters, as well as personal addresses of a young Gentleman.—He began with writing letters to her, informing her of the strong affection and love he had for her person, to which, of course, she paid no attention. In consequence of which he paid daily visits at her house in Marlborough-street, to see her; but the servants had instructions not to admit him.—He continued, however, to write letters to her, but Mrs. S. did not answer them till he informed her he had something of the utmost importance to communicate, and earnestly requested an interview. To which Mrs. S. replied, she must decline a private interview with a Gentleman she had not any knowledge of; and if he had any thing to communicate, she begged he would do it to either of her brothers or her son, but this had no effect upon him, and he continued his troublesome applications, both by letters, as well as personal obtrusions, till his behaviour became unbearable, as when the street door was opened to him, he would not take a denial, and insisted upon waiting to see Mrs. S. and the servants had great difficulty in forcing him away.

Mr. Kemble, in consequence, applied to Mr. Graham, the magistrate, to know how to act.—Mr. G. advised, that when he called again, the servant should behave kindly to him, and say,

Mrs. Siddons had agreed to see him, and fix upon a time for him to call and see her, which was agreed to. On Monday evening he called, when the servant informed him, Mrs. S. had agreed to see him, and appointed ten o'clock on Tuesday morning for the interview; which Mr. Graham being informed of, he sent Adkins, the officer belonging to Bow-street, to be in waiting, to take him into custody; Mr. Kemble likewise attended with the officer.—At the appointed time the Gentleman arrived, and on his insisting on seeing Mrs. Siddons, the officer took him into custody, and they, accompanied by Mr. Kemble, went to the Public-office, Bow-street, where he underwent a long private examination before Mr. Bond and Sir W. Parsons.—The result of which was, after the magistrates, as well as Mr. Kemble, had pointed out to him the folly of his conduct in making advances of love to a married woman, he was liberated on his promising not to be troublesome any more to Mrs. Siddons. He proves to be a native of Ireland, and is a student of Lincoln's Inn; he resides in Salisbury-square, and is about twenty-three years of age.

The following extract may afford a specimen of his epistolary talents:—

“ *Loveliest of Women,*

“ In *Belvidera, Isabella, Juliet, and Calista*, I have admired you until my fancy threatened to burst, and the strings of my imagination were ready to crack to pieces; but, as Mrs. Siddons, I love you to madness, and until my heart and soul are overwhelmed with fondness and de-

sire—say not that time has placed any difference in years between you and me. The youths of her day saw no wrinkles upon the brow of Ninon d'Enclos. It is for vulgar forms and vulgar souls alone to grow old; but you shall flourish in eternal youth, amidst the war of elements and the crush of worlds.

“ May 2, Barley Mow, Salisbury-square.”

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE,

A DIALOGUE.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

AT length, turning to Mentor, “ You have made Idomeneus,” said he, “ one of the wisest of monarchs; I no longer know either him or his people. I must now acknowledge that your achievements here, infinitely surpass our victories in the field. The success of war is in a great degree the effect of personal prowess and chance; and the soldiers must always share the glory of conquest with their commanders, but your work is entirely your own: you have, alone, opposed a whole nation and its prince; and you have corrected the manners and principles of both. The success of war is always fatal and horrid; but all here is the work of celestial wisdom; all is pleasing, pure, and amiable; all points out an authority more than human. When men are solicitous for fame, why do they not seek it by works of benevolence like these? O how false are their ideas of glory, who hope to acquire it by ravag-

ing the earth, and spilling human blood!"—
At these words, Mentor felt a secret joy that brightened in his countenance ; for it convinced him that his pupil had reduced the value of conquest and triumph to their proper standard, at an age when it would have been natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired.

" I acknowledge," said Mentor, " that all which Idomeneus has done here is right, and deserves commendation, but he may do still better. Idomeneus has now brought his passions under subjection ; and he applies himself to the government of his people, upon principles of equity : but he has still many faults which seem to be the unhappy consequences of his errors that are past. When we make an effort to leave familiar vices, they seem to follow us ; bad habits, relaxation of mind, inveterate errors, and prejudices which are almost incurable, long remain. Happy are those who have never deviated into error ; for their rectitude, and theirs only, can be uniform and constant. The gods, O Telemachus ! require more from you, than from Idomeneus : you have been made acquainted with truth from your earliest infancy ; and you have never been exposed to the seduction of unbounded prosperity.

" Idomeneus," continued Mentor, " is possessed of eminent abilities ; but he wastes those abilities upon little things ; he is too much busied upon parts, to comprehend the whole ; he arranges atoms, instead

of conceivings ystems. The proof of abilities in a king, as the supreme governor of others, does not consist in doing every thing himself; to attempt it is a poor ambition; and it is vanity to suppose that others will believe it can be done. In government, the king should not be the body, but the soul: by his influence, and under his direction, the hands should operate, and the feet should walk: he should not only conceive what is to be done, but should appoint others to do it; his abilities will appear in the conception of his designs, and the choice of his instruments. He should never stoop to their functions, nor suffer them to aspire to his; neither should he trust them implicitly: he should examine their proceedings, and be equally able to detect a want of judgment or integrity. He governs well, who is able to discern the various characters and abilities of men, and can employ them to administer government, under him, in departments that are suited to their talents; the perfection of supreme government consists in the proper governing of those who govern; he that presides, should try, restrain, and correct them; he should encourage, change, and displace them; he should keep them for ever in his eye, and in his hand; but, to make the minute particulars of their departments, objects of personal application, indicates meanness and suspicion, and fills the mind with petty distrusting, that leave it neither time or liberty for designs that are worthy of royal attention. To form great designs, all must be freedom and tranquility; no intricacies of business must

embarrass or perplex, no subordinate objects must divide the attention. A mind exhausted upon minute particulars resembles the lees of wine, that have neither strength or flavour ; and a king that busies himself in doing the duty of his servants, is always determined by present appearances, and never extends his views to remote events : he is always engrossed by the business of the day that is passing over him ; and this, being his only object, acquires an undue importance, which, if compared with others, it would lose. The mind that admits but one object at a time, must naturally contract ; and it is impossible to judge well of any affair without considering many, comparing them with each other, and ranging them in order, by which their relative importance will appear. He who neglects this rule in government, resembles a musician who is satisfied with the discovery of melodious tones, one by one, and never thinks of combining or harmonizing them into soft and affecting music. He may also be compared to an architect, who should fancy the powers of his art exhausted, by collecting together large columns, and great quantities of stone, curiously carved, without considering the order or proportion of his building, or the arrangement of his ornaments : when such an artist is building a saloon, he would not reflect that a suitable staircase should be added ; and when he is busy upon the body of the building, he would forget the area and the portal : his work would be nothing more than a confused assemblage of magnificent parts, not adapted

to each other, not concurring to form a whole; such a work, instead of doing him honour, would be a perpetual monument of his disgrace, it would shew that his genius was not sufficiently extensive to include all the parts of his design at once; that his mind was contracted, and his genius subordinate; and he, whose ideas are thus limited, is fit only to execute the designs of another. Believe me, my dear Telemachus, the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony; like music, and exact proportions, like architecture.

“ If you will permit me to carry on the parallel between these arts and government, you will easily comprehend the inferiority of those who administer government by parts, and not as the whole. He who sings particular parts in a concert, however great his skill or excellent his voice, is still a singer; he who regulates all the different parts, and conducts the whole, is the master of music; so he that fashions the columns, and carries up the side of a building, is no more than a mason; but he who projects the whole edifice, and has all the proportions in his mind, is the architect. Those therefore who are most busy, who dispatch the greatest number of affairs, have the least share in governing; they are subordinate workmen: the genius that governs the state, is he, who, doing nothing, causes all to be done; who meditates and contrives; who looks forward to the future, and back to the past; who sees relative proportions, arranges all things in order, and provides for remote contingencies: who

keeps himself in perpetual exercise, to wrestle with fortune, as the swimmer struggles with a torrent; and whose mind is continually upon the stretch, that, anticipating all events, nothing may be left to chance.

“Do you imagine, my dear Telemachus, that a capital painter is incessantly toiling from morning till night, that he may dispatch his work with the greater expedition? No; such drudgery and constraint would quench all the fire of imagination; he would no longer work like a genius; for the ingenious artist works as he is impelled by the powers of fancy in sudden, vigorous, but irregular sallies. Do you suppose the genius grinds his colours, or prepares his pencils? No; he leaves that to others, that are, as yet, but in the rudiments of his art; he reserves himself for the labour of his mind; he transfers his ideas to the canvass, in some bold and glowing strokes, which give dignity, life, and passion to his figures. His mind teems with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he is to represent; he transports himself to the ages in which they lived, and imagines he is present to the circumstances they were placed in. But, with this enthusiasm, he possesses also a judgment that restrains and regulates it, so that his whole work, however bold and animated, is perfectly consonant to propriety and truth. Can you suppose, my dear Telemachus, that less elevation of genius, less effort of thought, is necessary to make a great monarch, than a good painter? Let us, therefore, conclude, that the province of a king

is to deliberate, to form great designs, and to make choice of men properly qualified to execute them under his direction."

"I think," replied Telemachus, "that I perfectly comprehend your meaning: but, surely, a king who leaves the dispatch of public business to others, will be frequently imposed upon."

"You impose upon yourself," said Mentor: "a general knowledge of government will always secure him against imposition. Those who are not acquainted with radical principles, and have no sagacity to form a right judgment of others, never proceed with certainty. If these happen to escape imposition, it is by chance; for they have not a perfect knowledge of what they seek, nor in what direction they should move to find it: their knowledge is just sufficient to excite suspicion; and they more frequently distrust men of integrity, who contradict them, than deceivers who flatter them. On the contrary, those who know the principles of government, and can distinguish the characters of men, know what they ought to require of them, and the means to discover if they are capable of it: they know, at least, whether the persons they employ, are, in general, proper instruments to execute their designs; and whether they conceive and adopt their views, with sufficient precision and abilities to carry them into effect. Besides, as their attention is not divided by embarrassing particulars, they keep the great object steadily in view; and can always judge whether they de-

viate or approach it : if they are sometimes deceived, it is in matters that are not essential to the principal designs. They are also superior to little jealousies, which are certain indications of a narrow mind, and grovelling disposition : they know, that, in great affairs, they must be deceived, in some particulars, because they are obliged to make use of men, and men are often deceitful ; more is lost by the delay and irresolution which arises from want of confidence in those who must be employed, than from petty frauds, by which that confidence is abused. He who is disappointed only in affairs of small moment, is fortunate ; the great work may go on with success ; and it is about this only, that a great man ought to be solicitous. Fraud, indeed, should be severely punished, when it is discovered ; but he that would not be deceived in matters of importance, must in trifles be content to be deceived. An artificer, in his own apartment, sees every thing with his own eye, and does every thing with his own hand ; but the king who governs a great nation, can neither see all, nor do all : he ought indeed to do nothing himself, but what another cannot do under him ; and to see nothing, that is not essential to some determination of great importance.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE THELLUSON MASQUERADE.

THAT our readers may derive some entertainment from the perusal of the following article, we have little doubt, while at the same time it exhibits a picture of the state of fashionable elegance at the present day, and will furnish to posterity, some idea of the pastimes of the higher circles, in this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Indeed such a numerous collection of nobility and gentlemen, we seldom or ever recollect to have witnessed on a similar occasion.

For some reasons, which we presume not to explain, this entertainment of Mr. Thelluson's was made to connect itself with political subjects, and to give rise to circumstances which had nearly broken the pleasure of the evening, "with a most admired disorder." Mr. Thelluson had announced a representation as a preface to his masquerade, and had called it the Coronation of the Emperor of the Gulls. From the following description of it our readers will see, that any applause which the company might have bestowed, would be one of those sacrifices which judgment and truth too often make to politeness. The thing was to have been a mock representation of Bonaparte's coronation. A stage was erected in the garden, and scenery was, in the first instance, borrowed

from Drury-lane. Over the chair in which the emperor was to sit, was intended to be placed a canopy, with the words, "Emperor of the Gulls." The scene was to open with a view of a full meeting of the Legislative Body at Paris, when a well-dressed Punch, as the representative of Bonaparte, was to be proposed "Emperor of the Gulls" by a parson, in the character of Curée, who, in an introductory speech, was to extol the Corsican hero to the skies. This senator was to be followed by Carnot, who was strongly to oppose the motion, amidst groans and hisses. This point being carried, a stately pope was to stand forward and crown Punch; after which a flourish of two-penny trumpets was to strike up, which would have resembled the noise of Bartholomew Fair. Europe was then to be led before the Emperor Punch, in chains, represented by a cripple wanting a leg and an arm; John Bull was also ordered to be brought before the crowned head, in chains, but in the attempt he broke loose, overthrew the Emperor, and dispersed the whole body of legislators. Mr. Thelluson, with the enthusiasm that always attends projectors, had disclosed the nature and object of the piece; and the story and Dramatis Personæ were known long before the curtain drew up. Many persons of consequence did not hail it with all that transport which Mr. Thelluson expected; they did not think it consonant with the dignity and manliness of the English character. It had too much of those Boulevard exhibitions at Paris, which have so

often, we dare say, delighted Mr. Thelluson. Other persons, the parents and friends of our countrymen in France, viewed it as likely to aggravate their sufferings. They applied to a source the nearest to the fountain of mercy and humanity. He replied, not in the spirit imputed to him by some persons unconnected, no doubt, with Mr. Thelluson; not in the spirit of deference to Bonaparte, of unwillingness to irritate him, but he replied at first, that it was not his province nor his inclination to interfere in the amusements of private Gentlemen; but an appeal, we understand, was made to him from a Lady of high birth, of high mental and moral qualities, the appeal of a mother in behalf of an only son, a prisoner in France. She feared, she apprehended, that the story, ridiculous and trifling as it was, might possibly injure her son, and she implored the prince to intercede with Mr. Thelluson. Mr. Thelluson was not at first inclined to abandon his darling idea. We do not wonder at it. He had studied the character of Punch, and we have been told that his conception of the part was excellent. Influenced by the motives which had dictated the prince's application, the manager of Drury-lane ordered back the scenery he had lent. Fresh scenery was borrowed, and fresh performers undertook the respective parts. At length the Illustrious Personage in question declared to Mr. Thelluson, that he knew a nobleman who felt most anxiously for his only son now in that country, and was sensible it would greatly alleviate the mind of a feeling fa-

ther, were this part of the plan to be relinquished. Mr. Thelluson replied, that viewing the business in a political point of view he could never think of departing from his original intention; but if the Noble Lord felt so accutely as the distinguished person represented, and thought proper to ask the matter as a favour, he certainly would attend to the request. This produced a letter from the Noble Lord in question, and this part of the plan was accordingly abandoned.

At eleven o'clock at night, every street leading to Foley-House was completely filled with carriages. The crowd about the gate became so numerous and tumultuous, that unless by the particular interference of the Police Officers stationed there, the Fashionable Visitors could not have gained admittance. The Prince of Wales and his party arrived about eleven o'clock; and his presence animated the whole company. On entering the garden which is on the south side of the house, the Prince of Wales's feathers were in variegated lamps over the gate, whilst the blaze of several thousand lamps, reflecting from the trees, had, as it might have been expected, a most astonishing power on the imagination, exciting supernatural ideas. Along the front of the house, opposite to the garden, was a beautiful awning, about twelve feet wide. The scaffolding poles which supported the canopy of the awning, were closely covered with boughs of trees of the finest foliage. On each side were benches covered with green baize. Along the front

were nine windows, each opening like so many doors, from the awning into the ball-room. Between each window were boughs of trees against the wall, which gave them the appearance as if really growing there. Around the awning were several rows and festoons of variegated lamps, particularly over each window, and the brilliancy of the variegated lamps among the trees produced the most beautiful effect. Between each window was a diamond or circle in small lamps, while the splendour of the magnificent ball room perplexed the fancy. The rich moulding in burnished gold, which formed the massy cornices along the ceiling, shone most superbly, while two brilliant chandeliers, of exquisite workmanship, were suspended from the vaulted roof. There were several bell-lights, and also statues in bronze, holding lights, added to the rich mirrors, and beautiful paintings, commanding the most enchanting effect. The garden was in short a perfect paradise. The floor of the ball-room was chalked out in a very tasteful manner: and on each side of the ball-room was a circular drawing-room, both superbly lighted up and ornamented. In the centre of the lawn was a stage, about ten feet high and thirty feet square, facing the ball-room, lighted up in a most brilliant and fanciful manner. At half past one o'clock, the following Prologue was spoken by Mr. Wrottesley, in the character of John Bull.

Odds, Jays and Magpies ! 'mid this sprightly
bevy,

My spirit, if heard, may seem too grave and
heavy ;

But in this throng, of whim and frolic full,

Some English tars will listen to John Bull ;

Think not John Bull esteems it meritorious

On harmless merriment to be censorious—

No—When his sterner duties are perform'd,

The patriot flame, which all his bosom warm'd,

Ever in sparks of social wit subsides,

And jovial laughter shakes his generous sides !

Yes, he can laugh, and loudly too, when'er

Our foes Invasion, or Descent prepare !

E'en if the waves, when Gallic hordes assail us,

Bar'd with the oak of British navies fail us,

Our sea-built gates their strongest effort thwarts,

Bar'd with the adamant of British hearts :

But hark ! I hear some murmurs in the croud ;

They tell me to take care, nor speak too loud—

A statesman* says, " Your gibes may reach, I
" fear,

" The Consular—I mean th' Imperial ear !

" The man's a scoundrel, I can ne'er excuse
" him,

" And in the senate constantly abuse him :

" Fight him, be-tyrant him, dethrone him, kill
" him,

" But jokes, you know, with bile and gall may
" fill him.

" This jest of yours might prove a dangerous
" teaser ;

" Shoot as you may, you must not laugh at Cæ-
" sar."

And must then all your objects of derision

Be subject to an enemy's revision ?

Whilst our lov'd king, throughout this happy isle,
Bids every face with cheerful pleasure smile,
Shall counter orders from an hostile shore
E'er say to free-born Britons—"Smile no more?"
No, but one nobler sentiment prevails,
Tho' foreign threats and party clamour fails,
Howe'er state cant his anger may provoke,
John Bull disclaims, abhors the dangerous joke,
Which can excite one kindred bosom's fears,
Or risk to cause one anxious parent's tears.*

After this prologue, which was delivered in a very able manner, the military band ascended the stage, and performed several sprightly airs. Mr. Gow's band played in the ball-room, where several couple stood up to dance without distinction. Here we found a witch, Elfi Bey, and a Flower Girl, a Tinker, a Watchman, a Beadle, a Chelsea Pensioner, a Sultana, with a group of various other characters.

The great hall was then thrown open, and discovered the theatre. On the stage erected for the grand coronation, was a groupe of grotesque figures, intended to personify the members of the society for the suppression of vice; their harangues were chiefly directed against the immorality of masquerades, in a style of wit and humour that excited no small portion of merriment among the spectators; but the scene which claimed the peculiar character for novelty, was in the entrance of the great hall, where, on a stage tastefully decorated, appeared a party of gods and goddesses, with Apollo and the Nine Muses. Apollo was per-

* Marquis and Marchioness of H—

sonified by Mr. Maddox, who really sung in character, and was charmingly seconded by the Celestial Muses, who betrayed the forms and voices of the Duchess of Leeds, the Miss Anguishes, Miss Thompsons, and Mrs. Champneys.

After this performance, which was intended as a substitute for the "Mock Coronation of the Emperor of the Gulls," it being now within a quarter of three o'clock supper was announced.

The Prince of Wales, the most accomplished and affable gentleman in Europe, then selected out his party, which consisted of the Dukes of Cambridge, Cumberland, and Bedford, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Marchioness of Hertford, and Countess of Besborough, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c. in all 32 of the first distinction. The supper was most sumptuous and costly, with a profusion of green peas, cherries, strawberries, &c. &c. The table was most superbly decorated; and his Royal Highness, by his amiable condescension, rendered his party uncommonly happy.

The other wing of the house was distinguished by five additional supper-rooms, one opening out of the other. In these rooms sat about seven hundred visitors; and another room, on the two pair, accommodated about one hundred and twenty. The various ornaments which decorated the tables gave it a splendour and brilliancy scarcely equalled on any similar occasion. The apartments were lighted up with side and bell-lights, and several two and

three-light branches were arranged along the table.

After supper the company commenced promenading the garden, ball and drawing-rooms, &c.—Dances then followed. Mr. Thelluson, who was all night habited as an Old Dowager, changed his dress about five o'clock in the morning, for that of a Jockey, and was uncommonly anxious to please his visitors. There were three asses brought into the garden, and they were mounted very humorously in the following manner, viz.

Mr. Thelluson, a Jockey.—Lord Brooke, a butcher, carrying his tray before him.—Mr. Upton, a stable-boy.

No exhibition could be more laughable or droll than this eccentric race, which was performed round the garden. The Prince and his company were highly gratified at this part of the entertainment; and the other visitors evinced equal satisfaction.

At about half past five the prince took his leave, and soon after his royal brothers, all of whom bestowed the highest encomiums on Mr. Thelluson's splendid and amusing hospitality.

The other part of the company did not begin to separate till about six o'clock; and it was past seven before the rooms were cleared. Among the company we noticed the following characters:—

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales appeared in the character of an Highlander, with his plaid cloak thrown over his shoulder; he wore a hat looped up with a brilliant diamond

button, and a lofty white ostrich feather.—The Duke of Cambridge, a Sailor.—The Duke of Cumberland appeared in the character of an African Negro, a character he well supported.—Prince William of Gloucester was most magnificently attired in the character of the Grand Turk.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

MONDAY the 4th of this month, being the anniversary of the birth-day of our sovereign, all the forts in the island of Jersey fired a royal salute at noon, by order of his excellency the commander-in-chief. The cannon in the new fort, on the large hill, were also fired. A corporal of the invalid company of artillery then received the matches, and locked them up in the powder magazine, at the top of the hill, which is constructed in such a manner as to be bomb-proof; it contained 209 barrels of gun-powder, charged bombs, caissons, full of cartridges of every kind, and a great quantity of other combustibles. The magazine was then shut, and the keys carried out of the fort. About six in the evening, while his officer on guard was at dinner, with the brother officers of the regiment, the soldiers on guard observed smoke issuing through an air-hole, at one of the ends of the magazine, and immediately ran from the fort. Mr. P. Lys, the signal officer on the hill, seeing from the watch-house the soldiers in motion, and hearing them call out fire, ran out before they had all set off,

and approaching the magazine, observed the smoke issuing through the two air-holes at the two ends. Having found Thomas Touzel and Edward Touzel, two brothers, and both carpenters employed by him in the town, who had come to assist him to take down a temporary ensign staff, he sent the former to acquaint the commander-in-chief of the danger with which the magazine was threatened, and to Captain Salmon, of the artillery, to get the keys. Touzel, before he set out, used every effort to induce his brother to quit the spot. Edward Touzel replied, that he must die some day, and that he would attempt to save the magazine, and the town at the hazard of his life; and seeing a soldier making his escape, he proposed to him to remain to assist in breaking open the magazine, which he refused to do. He then proposed the same thing to another soldier, named William Ponteney, of the light-company of the third regiment, who acquiesced, saying, that he was ready to die with him, and they shook hands. Edward Touzel then took a wooden bar, with which he broke the barrier of the palisade which surrounds the magazine, and finding at hand a kind of axe, he got to the door of the magazine, where he broke also two padlocks, and having by these means opened the door, he entered, and addressing himself to Mr. Lys, who was on the outside, said: "The magazine is on fire, it will blow up. We must lose our lives, but no matter, *Huzza for the King!* We must try to save it." With these words he rushed into the flames, and seizing the

matches almost burnt out, he threw them by armfuls to Mr. P. Lys and W. Pontney, who had remained without. Mr. Lys, seeing a cask standing on one end, filled with water, in the neighbourhood of the magazine, and having no other vessel than an earthen pitcher, he and W. Pontney made use of their hats and this pitcher to carry water to Edward Touzel, who was still in the magazine, but scarcely able to see, in consequence of the thick smoke which surrounded him. Observing, however, some wood on fire, he extinguished it with the water which was brought to him. He then called out to Mr. Lys that he was almost suffocated, and requested something to drink. The fire had scorched his hands, and even some part of his face.

The people now arrived in crowds bringing with them water, and Mr. Lys sent him a glass of spirits, mixed with water, which he drank. At length, the fire was entirely extinguished, by the zeal and intrepidity of Edward Touzel, in particular, and of Mr. P. Lys and W. Pontney. Captain Leith, of the 31st regiment, and Mr. Murphy, of the same regiment, the officer on guard, and several officers of his majesty's troops, repaired with soldiers to the hill, and employed the utmost activity to get the magazine entirely emptied, in order to ascertain whether any sparks remained in it. Two caissons of wood, filled with ammunition, were found attacked by the fire; and one in particular, in which there were powder-horns, tubes, and a flannel cartridge, was half burnt

through. Near this caisson stood an open barrel of powder, to which the fire, had it not been extinguished, must inevitably have been soon communicated. A rammer was almost consumed, and some of the beams which supported the roof were on fire. Such was the state of things when Edward Touzel, Mr. P. Lys, and W. Ponteney, displayed heroic courage and bravery, exposed their lives to the most imminent danger, and thereby saved the town of St. Helier and it's inhabitants from the most terrible disaster. The constable, therefore, was impelled, both by duty and inclination, to request all persons who have property in the town of St. Helier, or it's neighbourhood, to meet on Wednesday, the 13th of June, in the church of St. Helier, at ten in the morning, to take into consideration the means of testifying their gratitude towards these three brave and generous men.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE
DUKE OF ENGHIEU.

LOUIS Anthony Henry de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien, was born on the 2d of August, 1772. He was educated in France till the year 1789. He emigrated, with his father and grandfather, on the 16th of July, that year.

In the campaign of 1792, he served in the small army under the command of his father, the Duke of Bourbon. In 1793, both the Dukes of Enghien and Bourbon were in the army of the Prince of Condé. In the engagements on the 20th of August, the 12th of September, the 13th of October, and the 2d of December, the Duke of Enghien particularly distinguished himself. In this campaign, cool intrepidity and ready presence of mind are said to have marked his conduct upon those occasions to a degree that appeared very extraordinary for so young a man. At Bernstheim, on the 2d of December, after his father was obliged by a wound to withdraw from the action, the Duke, perceiving that the enemy's cavalry were rallying within two hundred paces of the post which he occupied, made a sudden attack upon them, at the head of a division of emigrant cavalry; dispersed them, took, with his own hand, one of the cannon, and, in the face of the whole army, returned in triumph. His clothes were, in the action, twice pierced with the bayonet; but his person remained unhurt. After the action was over, he endeared himself exceedingly to the whole emigrant army, by his tender solicitude in regard to the Duke of Bourbon's wound, and by his attentions to the wants and sufferings even of the meanest soldiers. Those persons of the republican army who were made prisoners expected instant massacre by the emigrants, in revenge for the cruelties to which the royalists were then exposed in France. To their surprise, the Prince of Condé directed the

same care to be taken of such as were wounded among them, as of his own soldiers. They were all treated with the greatest humanity; and the Duke of Enghien, with amiable eagerness of compassion, took an active share in his grandfather's heroic beneficence.

That campaign ended on the 25th of December. In the winter, he was some time dangerously ill: all the affections of the emigrants were in the greatest alarm and anxiety till he recovered.

In the beginning of the campaign of 1794, he had the honour to be created a knight of the order of St. Louis.

In 1795, he served among the emigrants under the Prince of Condé, acting as an army of observation on the Rhine. In the month of July, that year, he was, for the first time, parted from his father, whom he never afterwards saw.

In 1796, the Prince of Condé entrusted to his grandson the command of the vanguard of his army. On the 24th, the 25th, and the 27th, of June, the Duke of Enghien made, in this command, a very gallant opposition to the passage of the republican army. During the next fifteen days, he was engaged in a succession of skirmishes; and, amidst the fatigues and vexations of unavoidable retreat, the part which he, in circumstances of such difficulty, acted was admired by all the commanders, French and Austrian. On the 13th of August, with sabre in hand, and at the head of his small heroic band, he broke through the ranks of the

enemy, who had endeavoured, by some stratagems, to surround and overpower them. He had a great and honourable share in the achievements by which the enemy were, in the subsequent months of September and October, driven back from the Schwartz, or Black Mountains, to the plain of Friburg. On the 24th of October, after a sharp action, he succeeded in driving about fifteen hundred of the republicans from the village of Stainshadt, in which they were advantageously posted.

The campaign of 1797 was interrupted by the treaty of Leoben: the Duke of Enghien took that opportunity to visit Switzerland. He made the journey on foot, examined the various curiosities of that country, ascended it's loftiest ice-covered mountains, and, by his intrepidity and gaiety, by the lightness and by the activity of his motions, astonished and surprised all his guides. In the month of October, that year, he received orders to conduct the troops which had been partly under his command to Russian Poland. He distinguished himself in this task by his attention to prevent disorders, and his care for the supply of the wants of his faithful followers. During his residence in Volhynai, he formed, at the command of the Emperor Paul, the remains of several broken corps of cavalry into an excellent regiment of dragoons.

He returned to serve, on the banks of the Rhine, in the year 1799. The hopes of that campaign were soon after frustrated, in the battle of Zurich; yet the Duke of Enghien and his emigrants deserved and obtained the praises

of General Suwarrow. Even amidst the misfortunes of 1800, this young prince continued still to add to his military reputation. His career in arms was terminated by the preliminaries of peace, signed on the 25th of December, 1800. His separation from his soldiers, when they were necessarily disbanded, was mutually painful to him, who loved them as his brethren in arms and in misfortune, and to them, who, in a manner, adored him.

In 1801, he retired to Ettenheim. At Ettenheim, he passed his life in quiet retirement till the 15th of March last. The amusements of polite literature, hunting, and the culture of his garden, there occupied most of his time. The rest is known. He was seized, in violation of the rights of the prince within whose territories he had his residence; conveyed first to Strasbourg, and thence to Vincennes; condemned by a mock trial, and then barbarously shot, in contempt of every law but that of the strongest. His last words were—"Mon Dieu ! sauvez le roi, et delivrez ma patrie du joug des etrangeres !"

The following is a copy of the Prince of Condé's letter, conveying his thanks to the emigrants for the public expression of their concern at the murder of the Duke D'Enghien :

Wanstead-House, April 27, 1804.

The excess of our grief, sir, has not prevented my son and me from feeling, as we ought, the generous interest which all the faithful emigrants have taken in the great loss we

have
our d
know
ber of
are du
oursel
queste
head
as it i
of the
of the
which
in the
day.*
cert v
just a
extin
which
our u
W
for yo
we h
and
since
long
(S

have recently sustained. We feel it as much our duty as it is our anxious wish to make known to them our entire gratitude. The number of those worthy persons to whom our thanks are due being too great to permit us to address ourselves to each in particular, we have requested the minister of the king, who is the head of the Bourbons, to express, as perfectly as it is possible, to those emigrants so worthy of the cause they support, how sensible we are of the generous and distinguished manner in which they have mingled their regret with our's in the august and mournful ceremony of yesterday.* We therefore beseech you, sir, in concert with ———, to be the interpreter of our just and lively gratitude, which will never be extinguished in our hearts but with our breath, which will terminate at once our sufferings and our unfortunate race.

We owe to you, sir, our particular thanks for your care of the ceremony of yesterday; and we beg you to rest assured of our gratitude, and of the sentiments of perfect esteem and sincere friendship for you with which we have long been penetrated.

(Signed) LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON.

* The solemn mass at St. Patrick's chapel.

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR JUNE, 1804.

WALKING DRESSES.—1. A round dress of white muslin, with a very long train and long sleeves; a cloak of fine worked muslin, with a piece of broad lace let in behind; a small bonnet of blue silk, ornamented with a white feather.—2. A short round dress of white muslin, with short plain sleeves; a cloak of black lace trimmed all round; a large straw bonnet, ornamented with a wreath of roses.—3. A round dress of Italian sarsnet, with a spencer of blue sarsnet; habit shirt of fine cambric, and a straw hat.—4. A dress of white muslin, with a nankeen spencer; a handkerchief tied round the neck; large Obi hat, and nankeen shoes.

Nine Heads.—1. A turban of white satin, ornamented with ostrich feathers.—2. A turban of white silk or lilac net, and white ostrich feathers.—3. A hat of lilac silk, trimmed and tied down with yellow; white ostrich feathers in front.—4. A hat made of alternate stripes of net and ribbon, and ornamented with ostrich feathers.—5. A cap of pink crape, ornamented with a flower, and a bow of ribbon on the top.—6. A white Barcelona handkerchief pinned up to form a turban, and ornamented with a wreath of roses.—7. A small round hat of lilac sarsnet, with ostrich feathers.—8. A turban of blue sarsnet, ornamented with pearls and ostrich feathers.—9. A twisted turban, with a long end on the left side, and ostrich feathers.

ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE motion recently made in Parliament by Mr. Wilberforce, which has for its object the total abolition of the Slave-Trade, and the support it received from a large majority of the truly respectable members then assembled, is an occurrence which every friend of humanity must contemplate with a satisfaction easily to be conceived by every feeling heart, but which the most forcible powers of language and eloquence could not correctly describe.

The speech delivered by Mr. Barham was at once a manly disclosure of sentiments truly honourable to a British senator, and a mark of true wisdom and integrity; and it is gratifying to Britons to see the two leading characters of their country, Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, so decidedly inimical to the continuation of this traffic in human blood; so disgraceful to the European nations that have upheld it, and so repugnant to the spirit of Christianity.

The laudable perseverance manifested by Mr. Wilberforce in the cause he has undertaken, now promises a happy result; and holds forth to the world another proof, if proofs were wanting, that the constitution of Great-Britain is well calculated to promote the real interests of mankind: for let me ask whether, under any other form of government, it is at all improbable that this horrid trade might have been continued for centuries to come?—The sordid interest of a few unprincipled men, who consider-

ed the question only as it affected the accumulation of their wealth, and the gratification of their passions, might have presented most formidable barriers to the due consideration of a subject, which, under a despotic state, the *people* would not have been either sufficiently enlightened, sufficiently at liberty, or sufficiently interested in, to have controled : but thanks be to God, we live in a country where the freedom of the press, and liberty of conscience, enlighten the mind, where Christianity points out and fosters genuine liberty, and where the true interest of mankind are discovered by the united and uncontroled exertions of the philosopher, the statesman, and the divine.

It is to that great national blessing, the free exercise of parliamentary discussion, that the promised abolition of the Slave-trade may be chiefly ascribed. Mistaken opinions have there been refuted ; the doubtful have been convinced ; the prejudiced have been enlightened ; the misinformed have been corrected ; and sophistry has been exposed : not by dazzling eloquence ; not by speculative argument ; but by a simple statement of facts, supported by an appeal to the heart and understanding.

Could it be believed that men of enlightened minds, and superior talents, would have ventured to assert that our unfortunate brethren the **Africans** were " a sort of semi-brutes ; that the women would not be disgraced by an union with ouran-outangs ; that the race was utterly incapable of civilization ; that they had no moral sentiment or feeling ; no love for their

children ; no affection for their wives ; no friendship for their countrymen ; no admiration for the beauties of their country ; and that therefore they ought to be treated accordingly ?" It was moreover declared that, if not purchased by Europeans, they would either be condemned to slavery, or to death, in their own country. In parliament it was asserted that the Slave-Trade tended to the improvement of our marine ; that it served as a nursery for our seamen, and for the advantageous employment of a large capital !

Were these accounts true, they would by no means serve in justification of our conduct to an unfortunate race of men. Instead of turning their disadvantages to our own aggrandizement, it would more have become us as men, and as Christians, to have endeavoured to enlighten the darkness of their minds, and gradually to introduce amongst them the blessings of civilization and Christianity. But it has abundantly been proved that the whole of these assertions are utterly unfounded in truth. Innumerable instances have occurred to shew that the African is susceptible of the finest feelings of human nature : he has been known to risque, and even to sacrifice his life in defence of his wife and child.—Mr. Wilberforce very justly observes that "it is a libel on the great Creator of the universe to say that so considerable a portion of the beings to whom he had given life were deprived of that parental instinct which brutes themselves possess in a high degree."

In our own country many examples now exist of the state of civilization to which the African may be brought by a kind and gentle master; and we have numerous instances on record of a most enthusiastic degree of friendship having prevailed amongst them in many of our West-India islands. Few, I presume, are unacquainted with the life *and writings* of Ignatius Sancho, a man who was an ornament to the age in which he lived. That "the African is insensible to the beauties of his country," may, indeed, be partly true; but this indifference is attributable to the cruelty of the European. He leads a life of apprehension and danger. If he fly to the interior of the land he is exposed to the ravages of beasts of prey. If he remain at home he is liable to be torn from all that is dear and valuable to him, and doomed to end his life in abject slavery: how then can the African be justly charged with indifference to the beauties of his native land, when the spoiler will not suffer him to enjoy them.

In answer to the assertion that these unfortunate men, if not purchased by Europeans, would be condemned to slavery or death in their own country, it has been clearly proved, that "slavery in Africa bears no resemblance to slavery in our West-India islands. The slaves in Africa eat with their masters, live nearly as well, and their labour is moderate; they do not work as our West-Indian slaves, under the lash of a task-master, or tied together in lines." As to the punishment of death, said to be inflicted upon their captives, let it be re-

membered that the wars which produce such captives, would be far less numerous than they are, if the demand for slaves did not exist; and if it were otherwise, it would be better that they should perish by the sword in their native land, than die by scores in a slave-ship, or sink in protracted sufferings under the merciless hand of a foreign oppressor : We should at least escape the sin and shame with which we now are charged, and perhaps be instigated, by a contemplation of their depravity, to attempt an amelioration of their condition. Many of us have lately been eye-witnesses of the good that has been accomplished amongst the Hottentots, by a single Christian individual, who brought with him three living specimens of his success in forwarding, through the benign influence of Christianity, the work of civilization in that secluded region of Africa.

As to the bold assertion that the trade tends to the preservation of our seamen, and the improvement of our marine, nothing can be more falacious. I appeal to every inhabitant of Liverpool and Bristol that has had opportunities of seeing the crews of the trading vessels called Guineamen. It has often grieved me to the heart to behold the emaciated frames of our brave countrymen who have been employed in that destructive climate. It has been proved before the House of Commons, that out of 12,600 men, employed in the trade, 2640 had died in one year ; and to this melancholy account we must necessarily add the long catalogue of evils entailed upon the survivors ; such as

broken constitutions, impaired morals, and premature old age, accompanied with misery and pain. As to the great capital, said to be employed in the trade, it has been incontrovertibly established that it amounts to only about one million annually, a mere cypher in the aggregate of British capital employed in commerce.

The unfounded statements of those who benefit by the Slave-Trade are thus completely disproved ; and it is to be hoped that ere long the African will be allowed the enjoyment of his native land, the friendship of his countrymen, and the love and affection of his wife and children ; when the European will no longer barter for his birth-right ; will no more encourage by his sordid visits the strifes of neighbouring princes, who seek for captives only to convert them into wealth for their store-houses ; when the proud vessel shall no more glide along the surface of the ocean, loaded with the victims of avarice and cruelty ; when the West-Indian shall lay aside the galling chain and tormenting whip, and learn the advantages of humanity ; when he shall see that his worldly interest is better promoted by tenderness to the slave who is already his property, by a task apportioned to his age and strength, by an allowance of food equal to the daily waste of his natural powers, and by the gradual conveyance to his mind of a prudent portion of civil and religious knowledge ; by admitting him to a proper share of the rights of human beings, and by establishing the needful incentives to industry and po-

pulation ; encouraging the full force of the latter, by a grant of those indulgencies from fatigue which the pregnant negress always requires, but now seldom obtains, to the endless destruction of the sublimest works of nature, in her most delicate, and most mysterious operations.

It is indeed honourable to Britain that the slave-trade did not commence with her ; Portugal was the first European power that engaged in it. Let Britons now evince to the world that their interest is no longer to be cherished at the expence of their humanity. Let Britons, who enjoy in so high a degree the blessings of freedom, instruct the dark African in its benign principles ; and, while they are imploring the Divine Being to protect them from invasion, may they cease to invade the once peaceful shores of Africa.

Every advocate for the true interests of mankind, must surely pray that Mr. Wilberforce's exertions may be crowned with complete success ; exertions which have for their primary object to save the lives of several hundred thousands of our fellow creatures, and to save their offspring, for endless generations, from irredeemable and hopeless slavery and misery. If, however, there remain any who wish to persist in the disgraceful traffic, they would do well, as Mr. Wilberforce properly observes, " to be consistent in their wickedness, and to abjure even the name of Christians, while acting a part so contrary to the spirit of Chris-

tianity ; a part which Mahometans and Pagans would blush to act.

Brompton.

J. S.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON MENTAL TASTE.

IT is much to be lamented that mankind is so absorbed in sensual gratifications, that all the finer feelings of the mind are totally disregarded, as if they were intended by their Creator to live and die as the beasts that perish : and even amongst those who have had the advantage of a good education, proper attention is not paid to that genius with which they are endowed. The objects of time and sense do too much engage their thoughts, and they are led imperceptibly into the enjoyment of forbidden pleasures. They appear to be alive to the diversions of the present age, and Ranelagh and Vauxhall have far more charms than a library of well-selected authors. Others are so fond of the gaming-table and the chace, that they have no time for literary pursuits. Some have been so bewildered by the flights of enthusiasm, that they have in reality despised useful learning. So that the debauchee and the enthusiast are equal enemies to scientific researches. Happy indeed is it for those who can make proper allowances for human frailty, and keep themselves free from every indulgence which has a tendency to prevent improvement in those

studies, to which they are impelled by their peculiar genius. This is exemplified remarkably in the life of Camillus. He has had the advantage of a liberal education, having been initiated into studies, which he has pursued with his growing years. A good fortune has lately come into his possession, but this has not damped his rising genius. It has only increased the number of his learned acquaintance, and made him more extensively useful to mankind. He considers himself as born for the good of society, and does all in his power to promote useful knowledge. His taste for the finer arts keeps him free from mean pursuits. He cultivates a country life, as calculated to befriend the muses; but he patronises every institution in town, that has the advantages of learning in view. His hours of relaxation are comparatively but few, as he has so many useful methods to employ his time. One part of which is dedicated to the service of religion, of course he is no friend to infidelity. He views it as an hostile enemy to God and man. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau are therefore discountenanced. He has perceived the ill effects of infidelity on the manners of mankind: that it has been the source of misery to nations, families, and individuals, and therefore he is thankful for the pages of divine inspiration. Having a living in the church lately fallen to him, he has presented it to a worthy friend, who has discharged his duty as a country curate, for many years, and who has a large family. He is himself a regular attendant on a place of public worship; and it

appears that his religion is not confined to a church, for he is the same uniform character in the general deportment of his life. Thus it appears, that a taste for polite literature is not inimical to christianity, but is of essential service.

Mental taste is an acquisition, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful, it opens to our view sources of general knowledge: "The man of taste (as a judicious and sensible writer remarks) extends his observations to the appearances of nature, as well as the productions of art. He discovers beauties wherever they are to be found in the works of God and of man, and is charmed with the harmony and order of the different parts of the creation, and with the endless variety of new objects, which nature presents to his view. The flowers, as they disclose their vivid hues; the animals that move in comely symmetry; the ocean that now spreads its smooth surface, and now heaves its tempestuous waves on high; the mountains that swell in rugged majesty; the vallies, clothed in verdant attire; the splendid luminary, whose beams disclose the beauties of the world, and who decks the face of nature with brighter charms; the blue concave of heaven, spangled with countless stars, and illumined by the soft effulgence of the moon—all these come under the observation of taste, and supply it with abundant sources of enjoyment."

Taste presides with supreme authority over all the elegant arts. There are none so low in their subserviency, to the uses of mankind, as not to afford subjects for its decisions. It ex-

tends its influence to dress, furniture, and equipage; but presides, as in its most distinguished provinces, over poetry, eloquence, painting, architecture, sculpture, and music; because among them genius takes its unbounded range, and exerts its fullest power. On the contrary, it turns away with aversion from every thing in life which is repugnant to the finer feelings of the mind, and is in any measure mean, sordid, or base. Akenside beautifully expresses it:—

“ Say, what is taste, but the internal powers,
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform’d.”

As we would cultivate this fine disposition, it will be absolutely necessary to be particular in our authors and company, for if we spend our time in frivolous pursuits, we shall soon feel the awful consequence. Whereas the best classic writers are well worthy of our perusal, and the beauties of literature will improve our understandings; and we cannot consult the writings of Zimmerman, Fenelon, Pope, Addison, Thomson, Milton, Young, or Johnson, without increasing our fund of knowledge, and making us better christians. Their works will be clear to the latest posterities. Mr. Campbell's Abridgement is a work much wanted by the rising generation, and bids fair to be extensively useful.

It is a pleasing thought that mental taste will extend itself to a better world, where our

knowledge will rapidly increase, and we shall know as we are known. Where all cause of misery will cease, and mental taste will be the source of happiness for ever and ever.

Hereford, June 8, 1804.

T. M.

*A curious Account of the Sports and Pastimes of the
Londoners in the Reign of Henry the Second.*

BY WM. FITZSTEPHEN, A MONK.

EVERY Sunday in Lent, after dinner, a company of young men ride out into the fields on horses which are fit for war, and principal runners; every one among them is taught to run the rounds with his horse.

The citizens' sons issue out through the gates by troops, furnished with lances and warlike shields: the younger sort have their pikes not headed with iron, where they make a representation of battle, and exercise a skirmish. There resort to this exercise many courtiers, when the king lies near hand, and young stripplings out of the families of barons and great persons which have not yet attained to the warlike girdle, to train and skirmish. Hope of victory inflames every one; the neighing and fierce horses bestir their joints, and chew their bridles, and cannot endure to stand still; at last they begin their race, and then the young men divide their troops; some labour to outstrip their leaders, and cannot reach them; others fling down their fellows, and get beyond them.

In Easter holidays they counterfeit a sea-fight; a pole is set up in the middle of the river, with a target well fastened thereon, and a young man stands in a boat which is rowed with oars, and driven on with the tide, who with his spear hits the target in his passage, with which blow, if he breaks his spear and stands upright, so that he hold footing, he hath his desire; but if his spear continue unbroken by the blow, he is tumbled into the water, and his boat passeth away; but on either side this target, two ships stand inward, with many young men ready to take him up after he is sunk, as soon as he appeareth again on the top of the water, the spectators stand upon the bridge, and in solars upon the river, to behold these things, being prepared for laughter.

Upon the holidays, all summer, the youth is exercised in leaping, shooting, wrestling, casting of stones, and throwing of javelins fitted with loops, fitted for the purpose, which they strive to fling beyond the mark: they also use bucklers like fighting men. As for the maidens they have their exercise of dancing and tripping till moonlight.

In winter, almost every holiday before dinner, the foaming boars fight for their heads, and prepare with deadly tushes to be made bacon; or else some lusty bulls, or huge bears are baited with dogs.

When that great moor, which washeth Moorfields, at the north wall of the city is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice, and bind to their shoes bones, as the

legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice, and these men go on with speed, as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine. Sometimes two men sets themselves at a distance, and run one against another, as it were at tilt, with these stakes, wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies: and after their fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance one from another; and wheresoever the ice doth touch their head, it rubs off all the skin, and lays it bare: and if one falls upon his leg or arm, it is usually broken; but young men being greedy of honour, and desirous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may bare the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest.

Many citizens take delight in birds, as sparrow-hawks, goss-hawks, and such like; and in dogs to hunt in the woody grounds. The citizens have authority to hunt in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all the Chilterns, and in Kent, as far as Grays-water.

JOHN LORD JEFFERIES.

THIS nobleman, a fashionable profligate, (equally detestable as his father, the execrable judge) is on record only for his vice and worthlessness. The following anecdote of a

drunken frolic, at the funeral of Dryden, in which he made a conspicuous figure, will at once evince his want of decency and sense:—

“Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then bishop of Rochester and dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden’s widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other abbey-fees. The lord Halifax likewise sent to the lady Elizabeth, and Mr. C. Dryden, her son, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman’s private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came, the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, and 18 mourning coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to move, the lord Jefferies, son of the lord chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was: and being told Mr. Dryden’s, he said, ‘What, shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady’s consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this; and I will bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the abbey for him.’ The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of

the bishop of Rochester's favour, nor of the lord Halifax's generous design, (they both having, out of respect to the family, enjoined the lady Elizabeth, and her son, to keep their favour concealed to the world, and let it pass for their own expence) readily came out of their coaches, and attended lord Jefferies up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick. He repeated the purport of what he had before said ; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The rest of the company, by his desire, kneeled also ; and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, *No, no.* ' Enough, gentlemen,' replied he, ' my lady is very good, she says, *Go, go.*' She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy ; and the lord Jefferies ordered the hearseman to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalment, which, he added, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the lord Halifax and the bishop, to excuse his mother and himself, by relating the real truth. But neither his lordship nor the bishop would admit of any plea, especially the latter, who had the abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time without any

corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days expectance of orders for embalment without receiving any, waited on the lord Jefferies; who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying, that those who observed the orders of a drunken frolic deserved no better; that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that he might do what he pleased with the corpse. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home, and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool answer:—'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the lord Halifax and the bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this distress Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the College of Physicians, and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration, at the college, over the corpse; which was attended to the abbey by a numerous train of coaches. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to the lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himself; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to him; which so incensed him, that he resolved,

since his lordship refused to answer him like a gentleman, that he would watch an opportunity to meet, and fight off-hand, though with all the rules of honour; which his lordship hearing, left the town; and Mr. C. Dryden could never have the satisfaction of meeting him, though he sought it till his death, with the utmost application."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM FAWCETT.

THIS distinguished and meritorious officer was of a very antient and respectable family; and born at Shipdenhall, near Halifax, in Yorkshire, which, for many centuries, had been in the possession of his ancestors, and is now the property and residence of their lineal descendant. His father dying when he was very young, his education was superintended by an uncle, a very worthy clergyman. He was brought up at a free school in Lancashire where he was well grounded in classical learning, and became also a remarkable proficient in mathematics. He has very frequently been heard to declare, that, from his earliest youth, he always felt the strongest predilection for the army, which his mother and nearest relations constantly endeavoured to dissuade him from; but, finding all their arguments ineffectual they either bought,

or he had an ensigncy given him, in Gen. Oglethorpe's regiment, then in Georgia; but the war being then going on in Flanders, he gave up his ensigncy, and went there as a volunteer, furnished with letters from the late Marquis of Rockingham and Mr. Lascelles (afterwards Lord Harewood) to the commander and several others of the officers. This step was at the time far from unusual for young men of spirit, of the first rank and fortune, to take. He entered as a volunteer, but messed with the officers, and was very soon presented with a pair of colours. Some time after he married a lady of good fortune and family, and, at the pressing entreaties of her friends, he most reluctantly resigned his commission; which he had no sooner done, than he felt himself miserable, and his new relations finding that his propensity to a military life was invincible, agreed to his purchasing an ensigncy in the 3d regiment of guards.

Having now obtained the object of his most anxious wishes, he determined to lose no opportunity of qualifying himself for the highest situations in his favourite profession. With this view he paid the most unremitting attention to his duty, and every hour he could command was given up to the study of the French and German languages, in which (by the assistance of his classical learning) he soon became such a proficient as not only to understand and write both, grammatically and elegantly, but to speak them fluently. When he was a lieutenant in the guards, he translated from the French, "The Reveries; or, Memoirs upon the

Art of War, by Field-marshal Count Saxe," which was published in quarto in 1757, and dedicated "To the general officers." He also translated from the German, "Regulations for the Prussian Cavalry," which was also published 1757, and dedicated to Major-general the Earl of Albemarle, colonel of the king's own regiment of dragoons. And he likewise translated from the German, "Regulations for the Prussian Infantry," to which was added "The Prussian Tacticks," which was published in 1759, and dedicated to Lieutenant-general the Earl of Rothes, colonel of the 3d regiment of foot guards. Having attained the situation of adjutant in the guards, his abilities and unremitting attention soon became conspicuous; and, on the late Gen. Elliot's being ordered to Germany in the Seven Years War, he offered to take him as his aid-de-camp, which he gladly accepted, as it gave him an opportunity of gaining that knowledge which actual service could alone impart. When he served in Germany, his ardour, intrepidity, and attention to all the duties of his situation, were such, that, on the death of Gen. Elliot, he had immediately offers both from the late Prince Ferdinand, the commander in chief, and the late Marquis of Granby, to be appointed aid-de-camp. By the advice of a Noble Earl now dead (who hinted to him that the German war would not last for ever) he accepted the offer of the latter, after making due acknowledgements for the honour intended him by the former. In this his new situation his ardour and attention were, if

possible, increased, which gained him the friendship of all those attached to Lord Granby, particularly of a noble Lord (now living and highly conspicuous both by his rank and talents), who, being fixed upon to bring to England the account of the battle of Warburgh, gave up his appointment to Captain Fawcett; an instance of generous friendship which he always spoke of with the most heartfelt gratitude. On his arrival in England he was introduced by the then great Minister to his late Majesty King George the Second, who received him most graciously, and not the less so on his giving the whole account in German. Soon after, he was promoted to a company in the guards with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, and became military secretary to, and the intimate and confidential friend of, Lord Granby. His manners were formed with equal strength and softness; and to coolness, intrepidity, and extensive military knowledge, he added all the requisite talents of a man of business, and the most persevering assiduity, without the least ostentation.

Notwithstanding the most unassuming modesty, his abilities were now so generally known, that he was fixed upon as the most proper person to manage and support the interest of his country, in settling many of the concerns of the war in Germany; and by that means necessarily became known to the Great Frederick (that supereminent judge of merit such as his), from whom he afterwards had the most tempting and dazzling offers, which he declined

without hesitation, preferring the service of his King and Country to every other consideration.

The many eminent and honourable situations he has since held are too well known, both in England and Germany, to be here mentioned; and the manner in which he performed the duties of his several offices will long be gratefully remembered by his country, as well as by every individual who had business to transact with him.

The honours paid to his memory by the most exalted characters in this kingdom are perhaps unparalleled, and bear the most ample testimony to his merits.

On Saturday, April 31st, at half past one, his body was removed from George-street; the hearse was preceded by the horse of the deceased, bearing his sword, &c. and followed by the Prince of Wales; Dukes of Clarence and Kent; Lords Jersey, Chesterfield, and Curzon; Generals Fox, Sir A. Clarke, Hulse, Garth, Wynne, Burrard, &c. in four Royal carriages and six, and seven mourning coaches and four. The procession passed along St. James's-street, Piccadilly, and Sloane-street. On reaching the Northern gate of the College, the corpse was met by the Dukes of York and Cambridge, and a great number of General officers. The pall was supported by eight Generals. The procession was uncommonly splendid, and, notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, attracted crowds of spectators.

ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF
HIS MAJESTY'S ARMED VESSEL PORPOISE,
AND THE CATO, OF LONDON,

Upon Wreck Reef, on the Coast of New Holland.

THE Porpoise, with the ships Bridgewater and Cato in company, on the 17th of August, 1803, at two in the afternoon, fell in with a sand-bank, in about 23, 7, of south latitude, and 155, 48, east longitude, and 169 miles N. 55 E. from Sandy Cape, on the coast of New South Wales. This bank being 2 to the eastward of the situation where the Eliza whaler found the reefs lying off the coast to terminate, it was thought to be such a detached bank as some others, seen by Lieutenant Ball and Mr. Bampton, which lie much further over towards the north end of New Caledonia, and no expectation of meeting with any more was entertained, especially as the Investigator had before sailed for Torres Strait, from reefs several degrees further west, without interruption. The signal being made to keep under easy sail during the night, and an officer being placed at the look-out on board the Porpoise, the ships steered N. W. on their course, with a fresh breeze from the E. S. E. the Bridgewater being on the starboard, and Cato on the larboard quarter of the leading ship.

At eight o'clock the Porpoise sounded with 35 fathoms, found no bottom; at half past nine breakers seen ahead: the Porpoise's helm was put down, in order to tack from them; but the

fore-sail being hauled up to keep the other ships in sight, then under three double reefed top-sails, came up head to wind. In paying off again, she struck upon the coral reef; a gun was attempted to be fired, to warn the other ships; but owing to the confusion, and the spray that was flying over, it could not be accomplished, and before lights were brought up, the Bridgewater and Cato were on different tacks, standing across each other. The captain of the Cato stopped setting his main-sail, and bore away to let the Bridgewater to windward, by which means she cleared the breakers, and stood out to the southward: the Cato missing stays for want of her main-sail, tried to tack, but stood upon the reef, about two cables' length from the Porpoise. The Porpoise heeled upon the reef, and laid upon her broadside, so that the surf flew over, but did not fill her; the foremast went soon, but the other masts stood until they were cut away. The Cato unfortunately took the opposite inclination, and the sea breaking furiously in upon her decks, tore them up, leaving the crew no place of safety but the inner fore-chains, where they clung all night, looking to the S. W. after the Bridgewater, which they confidently hoped would send her boats to their relief. An hour after the Porpoise had struck, a small gig and a six-oared cutter were got out to leeward; the latter was staved.

Observing that the breaking water did not extend to any distance to leeward, Captain Flinders told Lieutenant Fowler his intention

was to secure the charts and log-books of the Investigator's voyage, and endeavour to get on board the Bridgewater. This was assented to, and with six men and two oars, he got through the surf without being swamped, though near full of water. The smooth water was found to be upon a coral reef, and just deep enough to float the boat. After rowing for a short time towards the Bridgewater, Captain Flinders saw that, unless she tacked, it was impossible to near her; and as her light shewed her to be standing on, he determined to go back to the wreck, leaving his charts and books in the boat. Several blue lights were burnt on board the Porpoise during the night, and some on board saw the Bridgewater answer them by shewing a light, whilst others took it to be only a general light, which was still visible; it was last seen about two in the morning. A raft was prepared during the night, lest the ship might go to pieces.

A dry sand-bank was now seen near the wrecks, sufficient to receive every body, with all the provisions and stores that might be saved out of the ship: they had the still further satisfaction to see the Bridgewater standing towards them; every body now set to work to get sufficient provisions and water landed on the sand-bank, where Captain Flinders went with the small boat, in order to go off to the Bridgewater, as soon as she came near, to point out to Captain Palmer the shelter to leeward, where he might with safety take every body on board, with whatever might be saved.

On landing at the bank, he hoisted up two handkerchiefs to an oar ; but about ten o'clock it appeared the ship had gone upon the other tack, not being able probably to weather the reef: she was not seen any more during the day. Whether the Bridgewater saw the wrecks on the bank cannot be certainly known ; but her courses, if not the hull, were visible from both ships.

As the tide fell, the people of the Cato quitted her, and got through the surf to the Porpoise's small boat, which waited within side of her to receive them, and at low water, which happened about two o'clock, the reef was dry, very near to the latter ship, and every person was employed in getting provisions, water, and their clothes upon the reef, from whence they were taken to the bank by the boats, for round the bank the water is deeper. Before dark five hogsheads of water were landed, as also some flour, salt meat, rice, and spirits, besides pigs and sheep, and every person had got on shore with some necessaries, together with the Cato's people. The men having got on board the Porpoise, Mr. Fowler cloathed four or five in lieutenants uniforms, and some promotions of a similar kind had also taken place amongst the Porpoise's seamen. Those who had saved great coats or blankets, sharing with those who had none, they laid down to sleep with some little comfort, and, excepting a few of the Cato's men, who were bruised on the reef, there was no complaining heard upon the bank.

The three boats of the Porpoise were hauled

up at night under the lee side of the bank, but the small boat not having been well secured, was found to have been carried away by the tide.

As there was no hope of saving the Porpoise, the tide by this time flowing in and out of her, on the 19th, in the morning, Captain Flinders thought proper to do away the circumstance of his being a passenger, and took the command of the whole party. He divided the Cato's people, who had saved nothing, amongst the Porpoise's men, quartering them in the messes in the proportion of one to three, and then Lieut. Fowler, with a large working party in the two boats, went off to the ship. The Cato had gone to pieces during the night, and one of her quarters had floated in upon the reef; but nothing of her cargo or stores remained with it. During this and the following day the wind continued to blow fresh from the S. E. and the Bridgewater not coming in sight, it was supposed that Captain Palmer was beating to windward, waiting for finer weather.

On consulting with the carpenter of the Investigator about building a vessel, and the time it might require, he gave his opinion, that two boats, sufficient to carry the people, would be sooner built, and answer the purpose better. This seeming to be the general opinion, was adopted by the commander.

On the evening of the 23d, the whole of the water, and almost all the provisions, were landed on the bank. The stock which was now examined,

consisted of the following quantities and proportions for 95 men at full allowance :—

Biscuit and Flour sufficient for ..	83 days.
Beef and Pork.....ditto	94 ditto.
Pease	ditto 107 ditto.
Oatmeal	ditto 48 ditto.
Rice	ditto 114 ditto.
Sugar and Molasses .ditto	84 ditto.
Spirits, Wine, Porter ditto	49 ditto.
Water.....ditto	120 ditto.

With Sour Krout, Essence of Malt, Vinegar, and Salt, and other materials and necessary stores.

Until the 25th they were employed in fitting up the cutter, and adding to their stock upon the bank : the ship still stood, and they hoped would keep together at least until the next spring tides. At Lieutenant Fowler's own request, Captain Flinders ordered that he should remain with the stores until the last boat ; and that Lieutenant Flinders and Mr. John Aken, the master of the Investigator, should take charge of the two large boats, with a master's mate in each, capable of conducting them to Port Jackson, should illness or any accident happen to the two officers.

On Friday, the 26th of August, in the morning, Capt. Flinders and his companions embarked in the cutter to the number of fourteen ; three weeks provisions, with minds full of hope, mixed with anxiety, they returned three cheers given by their shipmates on the bank, who im-

mediately hauled down the ensign, which had been hitherto hoisted union downwards, as a signal of distress, and hoisted the union.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAVATER

HAVING asserted in the second part of his Treatise upon Physiognomy, that shoe-makers generally have a sickly appearance and weak constitutions, and that at Zurich, of 24 children born of parents exercising that profession, seven only were boys; a few years ago, all the shoe-makers of that place rose up against him. They assembled in a tumultuous manner; and Mr. Lavater, in order to appease them, was obliged to declare publicly that he had been deceived, and that the proportion was twenty-eight males to thirty females. To give the society of shoe-makers a more permanent testimony of his affection, he begged that he might be allowed to stand godfather to all the male children which should be born to masters. This request produced a perfect reconciliation.

THE DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM.

LORD CHATHAM came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, lapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large

wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity: he appeared like a being of superior species.

He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, *more* than one foot in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country!—perhaps never again to speak in this House!" A prophecy too fatally fulfilled!

The purport of his speech is well known. The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House was most affecting: if any one had dropped an handkerchief, the noise would have been heard.

At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps *more* than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evils which he had prophesied, in consequence of them; adding, at the end of each, "And so it proved!"

In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions. "Of a Spanish invasion, of a French invasion, of a Dutch invasion, many noble lords may have read in history; and *some* lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may, perhaps, remember a Scotch invasion."

While the Duke of Richmond was speaking, he looked at him with attention and composure; but when he rose up to answer, his strength failed him, and he fell backwards. He was instantly supported by those who were near him, and every one pressed round him, with anxious solicitude. His youngest son, the Hon. James Pitt, (since dead) was particularly active and clever in assisting his venerable father, though the youth was not more than 17 or 18 years of age.

Lord Chatham was carried to Mr. Sergent's house, in Downing-street, where he was accommodated with every kind and friendly attention, both at this time and on a preceding day, when he had attended the House of Lords, some weeks before. From thence he was carried home to Hayes, and put to bed. He never rose again! Therefore his death may be properly said to have happened in the House of Lords, in the discharge of his great political duty: a duty which he came, in a dying state, to perform!

Such was the glorious end of this Great Man!

RIGAUD, THE ARTIST,

IN the course of his life, had the honour to paint the portraits of five monarchs, all the princes of the blood royal of France, and many of the most distinguished persons of Europe.

It was his custom to keep an exact register of the name, the rank, and the age of all those whom he painted, as well as of the year in which the picture was painted, and the price which he was paid for it. He was not over fond of painting ladies. "If I paint them, as they really are, they are dissatisfied," said he; "and if I make them all handsome, how very few of their portraits will be like!" A lady who was highly painted, was one day sitting to him; she complained of the glare of his colours: "We both of us buy them at the same shop," replied the artist.

THE HUMANE MR. HOWARD

SEEMS, like a genius beneficent to mankind, to have lost his own life in endeavouring to save that of others, and to make the repositories of supposed criminals, what they were in the humane spirit of our laws, intended to have been repositories *in custodiam, non in pœnam*.

He told Mr. Seward, that of the presence of immediate infection he thought he had a criterion by a pain over his eyes, with a sense of tightness. As a preventive against its effects, he said he knew of nothing effectual; and that even the Turks themselves, so often visited by

pestilence, had no confidence in any particular specific.

In conjunction with the benevolent Mr. Howard, so well known by the sacrifice which he has made to humanity of his time and his fortune, Dr. Fothergill exerted his eadeavours to prevent those miseries and diseases which are produced by human contagion. The legislature, alarmed at repeated instances of infection which prisoners disseminated in courts of justice, when brought before their judges, was desirous of receiving the best advice upon the subject; and Dr. Fothergill, with his friend, was ordered to the House of Commons; before which they communicated such information, as gave rise, in the year 1774, to a bill, entitled, "An Act for preserving the health of prisoners in gaol, and preventing the gaol disorder;" and also to a plan for building detached or penitentiary houses, as a mode best calculated to restrain indolence and vice. These two distinguished persons, with George Whatley, Esq. were appointed by the king commissioners for directing suitable buildings, to carry into execution this new system of correction. This useful design Dr. Fothergill did not live to see completed, though he had laboured assiduously in digesting it, and had previously inserted some useful remarks in the public papers on the punishment of convicts.

HENRY JENKINS.

WHEN I (Mrs. Anne Saville) came first to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of

the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story many years, till one day he coming to beg alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was: he paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance he was about 162 or 3; and I asked what kings he remembered? he said Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flowden-field. I asked, whether the king was there? he said no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surry was general. I asked, how old he might be then? he said he believed he might be between 10 and 12; for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time: for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable, that this Jenkins could neither write nor read. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him: for he was born in another parish, and before registers were in churches, as it is said: he told me then, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the abbot of Fountain's abbey very well, before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life December, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale in Yorkshire; the battle of Flowden-field was fought September

9th, 1513, and he was about twelve years old at that time. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years; 16 years longer than old Parr, and was the oldest man born upon the ruins of this post-diluvian world. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams; his diet was coarse and sour, but towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He hath sworn in Chancery, and other courts, to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, where he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers when he was past the age of 100 years. In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer, produced, and deposed as a witness.

He died (as before mentioned) December, 1670, at Ellerton on Swale, where a monument was erected to his memory in 1743, and the following epitaph, composed by Dr. Thomas Chapman, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

Blush not, marble,
To rescue from oblivion
The Memory of
HENRY JENKINS,
A person obscure in birth,
But of a life truly memorable;

For
He was enriched with the goods of Nature,
If not of Fortune;
And happy
In the duration,
If not the variety
Of his enjoyments;
And
Though the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length
Of days;
To teach mistaken man
These blessings are entailed on
Temperance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
He lived to the amazing age of
169.

INIGO JONES,

Who, as an architect, would have done honour to any age or nation, had a true taste for whatever was great or beautiful in his art. His talent or design began to display itself early, and recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Arundel, who sent him to Italy to study landscape. In that ample theatre of the arts, his genius, with which himself had been acquainted, was soon awakened by architecture. His progress in his beloved study

was suitable to the strength of his parts, and the vehemence of his inclination; and he in a few years saw himself at the head of his profession, and in possession of its highest honours.

The banqueting-house at White-Hall, which is his capital work, was erected in the reign of king James I. This has been pronounced by judicious foreigners, the most finished of the modern buildings on this side the Alps; and is itself a study of architecture. Of private houses, the Grange, in Hampshire, is one of his completest structures. He has written a book to prove that Stone-henge was a Roman Temple; as Dr. Stukely has done to prove it a Temple of the Druids; future writers will probably start new hypotheses, founded upon as much or as little probability as the arguments of either.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

THE *American War* scattered death and destruction throughout the United States for eight long years; how great then the change in that country, when the events of that awful contest are, in the course of thirty years afterwards, made the subject of theatrical entertainment. Of the truth of this circumstance the following advertisement is a curious proof; it is taken *verbatim* from the *NEW YORK Commercial Advertiser*, for Saturday Evening, July 3d, 1802.

Such are the rapid changes to which *whole countries* are subjected. The very deeds which at the time of their perpetration, exposed their authors to instantaneous destruction, are recollected with the pride of patriotism, and with the glow of victory.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. EVANS.

Islington, July, 1804.

THEATRE.

COMMEMORATION OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

The Anniversary of our Existence as a Nation, falling on Sunday, that auspicious event will be celebrated at the Theatre,

On MONDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1802,

By the Performance of the TRAGEDY of

BUNKER'S HILL;

OR, THE DEATH OF WARREN.

General Warren.....	Mr. Hodgkinson,
General Prescott.....	Mr. Hallam, jun.
General Putnam.....	Mr. Hogg,
Governor Gage.....	Mr. Robinson,
Sir Wm. Howe.....	Mr. Tyler,
Lord Percy.....	Mr. Hallam,
Abercrombie.....	Mr. Martin,
Harman.....	Mr. Shapter,
Grenadier.....	Mr. Macdonald,

Officers and Soldiers by Gentlemen of the
Company.

Elvira.....Mrs. Hodgkinson,

Anna.....Miss Hardin.

IN ACT V.

The Attack upon Bunker's Hill, and Death of
GENERAL WARREN.

To conclude with

A GRAND FUNERAL PROCESSION.

After the Play,

An Address in behalf of the Manager, on the
Occasion of closing the Theatre for
the Season.

The Evening's Entertainments will conclude with a
DRAMA, (never before performed) called,

THE RETROSPECT;

OR, AMERICAN REVOLUTION:

With Scenery and Machinery entirely new.

In the Course of the Piece will be represented,

The Principal Events in the
REVOLUTION.

THE MOST STRIKING SCENES

IN ACT I.

A VIEW OF SANDY HOOK:

The **LIGHTHOUSE** illuminated, and the **OCEAN.**

The British Fleet is discovered at Anchor
within the Hook.—At Break of Day, Boats
with Soldiers are seen putting off from the
Ships, and approaching Long Island.—Firing.
—Troops Land to Martial Music.

In the same Act, the grand Scene of
THE TEMPLE OF INDEPENDENCE.

End of the Act,
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
 Will be read, by Mr. Cooper.

PRINCIPAL SCENES OF ACT II.

**A View of the River Delaware, and Trenton,
 in Possession of the British.**

Americans cross the Delaware, under Command of
GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ATTACK AND DEFEAT OF THE ENEMY.

The last Scene will exhibit an elegant perspective
VIEW OF

**The lower Part of BROADWAY, with the
 Fort, Barracks, &c.**

**As they stood at the Time commemorated, when just
 evacuated by the British.**

The ENGLISH FLAG flying.

*General Washington enters, attended by the Citizens
 of New York, who had been in voluntary Exile
 while in the Possession of the Enemy,*

The AMERICAN ARMY follows:

**During the Procession is seen the well-known
 Action of the Sailor, who, when it was found that
 the Lines of the Flag Staff on the Fort were de-
 stroyed, climbed to the Top, and STRIKING the
 ENGLISH COLOURS, DISPLAYED the**

AMERICAN FLAG TRIUMPHANT.

The whole to conclude with

A GRAND CHORUS.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS Theatre closed on Tuesday, June 12, when Mr. BANNISTER delivered the following address, which was loudly applauded by a numerous audience:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I am deputed by the proprietors to acknowledge the ample patronage with which you have honoured their Theatre through the season, which to night is brought to a close—a patronage for which they are truly grateful, and which, permit me to add, is highly flattering to myself. As it has ever been my ambition to promote your entertainment and deserve your support, it is most gratifying to me

to reflect, that during the term of my appointment to the management of this stage, my humble but zealous exertions have been marked with such decided and general approbation. All the performers of this house heartily join in sincere thanks for the favour and encouragement they have received; and we respectfully bid you farewell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

This Theatre closed on Monday, June 25, with the performances of the Cabinet, and Valentine and Orson. At the end of the Opera, Mr. KEMBLE came on the Stage, and in a neat address, returned thanks on the part of the proprietors and performers, for the distinguished marks of favour, with which their exertions had been honoured throughout the season, and expressive of their intention to renew their best endeavours to merit a continuance of the public patronage as their best reward.

HAY-MARKET.

On Wednesday, June 13, Mr. BANNISTER, jun. made his first appearance for these 6 years, at this Theatre, in the character of Doctor Panglos, in The Heir at Law. This deviation on the part of the proprietor, from the resolution of having a company independent of the winter Theatres, is a convincing proof of the incompetency of the plan. Mr. Bannister was received with great applause; and his representation of the Doctor's character, though different from that of his predecessor, gave

general satisfaction. Mr. Elliston's Dick Dow-
las was contemptible.

On Thursday, June 14, a young gentlewo-
man made her first appearance in the cha-
racter of Roselind, in Shakespeare's comedy
of *As You Like It*. She possesses a charming
figure, but her voice is too weak even for this
theatre; in short, she has more judgment than
execution, and we fear that her deficiency in
the latter, must exclude her, at least for some
time, from the London boards. The play al-
together was wretchedly performed. Bannis-
ter's *Touchstone*, after the first act, is not the
author's. Elliston's *Orlando*, and Palmer's
Jaques, are very indifferent.

On Wednesday, June 20, a ballet, called
The Enchanted Island, (contrived by Mr. Fawcett)
was represented at this theatre for the first
time. It is founded on one of our immortal
poet's best plays, of which it was deemed ne-
cessary to apprize the public. "The inci-
dents (says the contriver) of which this story is
composed, are principally those which Shake-
speare, in his *Tempest*, has traced in his nar-
rative, and which are alluded to as occurrences
that preceded the scenes of that play." We
remember that *Macbeth* was some time ago
thus *abused* at the Opera-House, but this insult
to Shakespeare met with the indignation it de-
served. The present attempt, however, has
been tolerated; which, as stated in the play-
bills, places pantomime on *classical* ground.
We cannot comprehend how turning one of
our best plays into meer *action*, can have any

claim to *literary* merit—but the PUFF WRITER has, this season, been particularly singular in his expressions; thus, Dibdin's comedy of "Guilty or Not Guilty, was received with UNQUALIFIED applauses.—*Risum teneatis?*—Since the success of the Enchanted Island, we may expect to see King Lear, Richard III. Othello, &c. &c. thus metamorphosed.

EMBELLISHMENT.

THE present number is enriched with an additional engraving, executed by the same artist as that which appeared in our last. It is the second of a series of prints, from accurate drawings taken in Holland, intended to be given in succession, in the Monthly Visitor, which, it is presumed, will not only gratify our friends in general; but, in particular, such of them as delight in the pleasing pursuit of drawing.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JUNE, 1804.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1804.

By H. J. Pye, Esq. P. L.

I.

AS the blest Guardian of the British Isles,
Immortal Liberty, triumphant stood,
And view'd her gallant sons with favouring smiles,
Undaunted heroes of the field or flood ;
From Inverary's rocky shores,
Where loud the Hyperborean billows roar,
To where the surges of the Atlantic wave
Around Cornubia's western borders rave,
While Erin's valiant warriors glow
With kindred fire, to crush the injurious foe—
From her bright lance the flames of vengeance
stream,
And in her eagle eyes shines glory's radiant beam.

II.

Why sink those smiles in sorrow's sigh ?
Why sorrow's tears suffuse that eye ?
Alas ! while weeping Britain sees
The baleful fiends of pale disease

Malignant hov'ring near her throne,
 And threat a monarch all her own—
 No more from Anglia's fertile land,
 No more from Caledonia's strand,
 From Erin's breezy hills no more
 The panting legions crowd the shore ;
 The buoyant barks, the vaunting host,
 That swarm on Gallia's hostile coast,
 The anxious thought no longer share,
 Lost in a nearer, dearer, care ;
 And Britain breathes alone for George's life her
 prayer.

III.

Her prayer is heard—th' Almighty Power,
 Potent to punish or to save,
 Bids health resume again her happier hour ;—
 And as across the misty wave
 The fresh'ning breezes sweep the clouds away
 That hide awhile the golden orb of day,
 So from Hygeia's balmy breath
 Fly the drear shadows of disease and death.
 Again the manly breast beats high,
 And flames again the indignant eye,
 While, from the cottage to the throne,
 This generous sentiment alone
 Lives in each heart with patriot ardour warm,
 Points every sword, nerves every Briton's arm—
 'Rush to the field where George and freedom lead,
 Glory and fame alike the warrior's meed,
 Brave in their country's cause, who conquer or who
 bleed !'

 AMARYLLIS's DREAM.

WHEN all was dark, the tinklings of the night
 Rung forth a song to suit the stars' dim light ;

Then zephyrs, stealing odours from the rose,
Found Amaryllis in her soft repose,
Sweet fancies sprang, and, starting thro' the rest,
Her smiling Almont boldly stood confess'd.

" Almont (she cries), how many hours have past
Since first we met, and since I saw thee last ?

Why did I hate the salt-sea wave, and say,
I was undone when thou wert far away ?

The sun is sunk, and all is gone to rest,
The time for love you always knew the best :

'Tis darkness, and the distant roaring sea
Hushes to slumber all the world but me.

" There's no intruder to be heard or seen,
But warblers chirping thro' their grottos green,
Or moon-struck wand'rers, list'ning, as they rove,
To some lone night-bird chiding in the grove
O Almont ! as you want to make me blest,
Now let my weary head upon thy shoulder rest.

" Last week, when that sweet moon had fill'd her
horn,

I just began to count our crops of corn
Since first we met, since last we parted too—
Think, smiling Almont, how I've thought on you,
And still remember, while my heart does move,
Thy manly beauty and thy gen'rous love.
Then youth was seen on thy untainted brow,
Tho' now on mine increasing wrinkles grow :
I've dream'd about thee full ten years and more,
That thou wert breathless on another shore !

" A fever came, and caus'd my spirit rove,
Tracing your wand'rings when you left our grove ;
When round thee my soft arms I strove to throw,
You strangely turn'd, and would no pity show.
I saw thee fall, and none regard the cries,
Nor floods that blinded Amaryllis' eyes :

I saw thy little dog with frantic leer,
Whining along, go trolling with thy bier;
With busy paws the animal did rave,
And haul'd and scratch'd the verdure from thy
grave.—

Almont, as you want to make me blest,
Now let my weary head upon thy shoulder rest.

“ This is the season when the swallow brings
The vernal breezes on her homeward wings,
Girls of the school and crafty scheming boys
Are planning ways to catch the season's joys.
O sweetest youth! it brings again to mind
The pride of Almont's heart when fortune shin'd,
The ladders that he twin'd about the tree,
Rivers he bridg'd, and bowers he built, for me.
His was a spirit that could venture far
To help his friends, and serve their foes with war;
A spirit that each scene of pity wrung,
He could not rob a nest-bird of it's young;
But Almont's spirit brought him to his grave,
No wonder I did hate the salt-sea wave!”

She said; and, as she chanted forth her love,
The beckoning shadow's lips began to move.—

“ Know, Amaryllis, far, far, spreads that sea,
And deep th' abyss, that sep'rates earth from me.
I watch the instant when the glimpse is thrown
Over yon vast gulph, from our world unknown;
When all falls fast asleep, and thou art laid,
By fancy's chains, upon thy velvet bed,
I'll wander by the moaning water's side,
Mount on the shadows that around thee glide,
And while the nightingales their notes prolong,
I'll woo thy ear in the nocturnal song;
With winds I'll travel, as they murm'ring blow
Thro' chinky walls that knew me long ago;

I'll see my dear relations round the fire,
Each telling out the tale they most admire;
I'll hear, unseen, the tender tongue relate
My faithful labours and my hapless fate:
As thro' their *walks* they stray with ozers lin'd,
That raise sweet music to the wanton wind,
They'll think they hear my *holla* round the wall,
Unknowing that 'tis real Almont's call!
I'll see the gentle finger point the wand,
And say, ' Behold the work of Almont's hand !'
I'll see my dog, expert in nature's book,
Gaze in his mistress' face with wistfull look :
I'll see her stroke his head, while tears fall on,
In dear remembrance of his master gone !

“ Oppress'd and hard borne down with grievous
woe,

How could I live when I was brought so low ?
Pride rais'd her crest, that she could ne'er controul
To silken chains my independent soul ;
That I disdained to please the varnis'd, proud,
Glitter-attracted, shade-pursuing, crowd ;
But, as the eagle's flight leads upward far,
Winging his way to catch the morning-star,
I set my compass to that peaceful shore
Where friends with friends shall meet, to part no
more !

Here must I pause—where spirits must be dumb,
And rest in peace till that last morning come !”

And now the sabbath-dawn began to blaze,
Each village rang with early notes of praise ;
Each sense return'd, each vision quickly flew,
Gliding along and mingling with the dew—
Night's reign was past, the morning rose in gold,
O'er fairest glens the distant church-bell toll'd.
Again the zephyrs flourish'd in her ear,
Sweet Almont's voice she fancied still to hear

Say, "Amaryllis join the pious throng,"
While from their soft wings trembled *ding dang*
dong.

J. B.

MODEL OF EDINEBURGH,
28 Haymarket, June 21, 1804.

ON seeing a beautiful infant, about a month old, in the arms of a lady at whose door it had been left about 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, March 25, 1804, neatly clothed, and carefully wrapped to defend it from cold; accompanied also by a letter, in which were strongly portrayed the grief and distraction of the unhappy mother, on being compelled thus to abandon her child, and earnestly imploring on it's behalf that protection which, from desertion and distress of circumstances, it was no longer in her own power to afford.

THE FOUNDLING.

O H! what a piteous sight is there!
The helpless victim of despair,
In mercy's lap reclin'd:
Poor, blameless, blighted, child of woe!
Thou dost not yet thy sufferings know,
Nor know thy patrons kind.

Alas! what guilt, or misery hard,
Could quench a mother's fond regard,
Could sever nature's ties?
Could drop, forsaken and forlorn,
Her son, her suckling, newly born,
To pain a stranger's eyes?

Perhaps, once happy, artless, maid !
She fell, by 'artifice betray'd,
And thought the vows sincere,
Which left her in a bitter hour
For shame and anguish to devour,
Without one pitying tear.

Perhaps, an outcast from her home !
Afraid to stay—unus'd to roam,
She sought in vain relief ;
Till hunger, cold, and toil, combin'd
To numb her limbs, and wring her mind,
And break her heart with grief.

Ah ! what could make, but horror wild,
A mother thus forsake her child,
And spurn the charge she bore ?
Reject it from her heaving breast,
And leave it, an unbidden guest,
At a promiscuous door ?

Yet not promiscuous—He, unseen,
Who knows what human sorrows mean,
Thy wand'ring footsteps led
Where dwelt humanity to feel;
And ready skill was prompt to heal
Thine infant, well nigh dead †

So when a tyrant's cruel breath
Had doom'd each Hebrew son to death,
To soothe his guilty fear,

* In the letter, which had not been seen by the author, this conjecture is stated to have been the fact.

† The child, when taken up, was in a state of insensibility, with slight convulsions, apparently the effects of an opiate ; and from which it's recovery was for many hours doubtful.

Young Moses, by the river's side,
Within his feeble ark had died—
But Providence was near :

He bid th' Egyptian princess find
The babe, and with a tender mind
Compassionate it's tears.
From sedgy Nile the prophet rose
Who sav'd his race, and crush'd their foes
In his succeeding years.—

Who knows but this poor little frame
May hold a spark of future fame,
Which time shall bring to shine?
Matur'd to happier days, he may,
With filial love, your cares repay,
And cheer your life's decline.

Almighty Love! what words are thine?—
“Ye outcasts! I adopt you mine!
Your Parent, Hope, and Stay.
A mother may her son forsake,
But I my cov'nant will not break,
Nor cast my child away.”



LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN DURING A
SEVERE ILLNESS.

WHY droops my soul, and, to despair resign'd,
Yields the once boasted vigour of my mind?
What is this life?—A transitory hour
Of pain or pleasure past—then felt no more;
“For not to man perfection e'er was giv'n;
Perfection is the attribute of heav'n.”

From earliest youth to our extremest age,
 What various sorrows wait on ev'ry stage?
 What eye was e'er unsullied with a tear?
 What joy was ever unalloy'd with care?
 Then why should I of partial fate complain,
 Or the dread ways of Providence arraign?
 Vain hope! to think th' immutable decree,
 Would stand suspended for a wretch like me;
 Yet I will raise me from this bed of pain,
 And on my Father call---nor call in vain:
 Against thee, Father, I have sinn'd, and own
 Myself unworthy to be call'd thy son.
 Those shalt the wayward prodigal receive,
 Stretch forth thy saving arm and bid me live;
 Shalt bid me live thy mercies to adore,
 Repent my errors past and err no more:
 But if (for just and righteous are thy ways)
 I'm doom'd in sufferings to end my days,
 Teach me to bow obedient to the rod,
 Humbled in dust in presence of my God;
 And say resign'd, as once thy chosen Son,
 "Not mine, oh, Father, but thy will be done."
MORITURUS.

IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing a notice to parties, not to dine in the Mea-
 dows of a Clergyman on the banks of the
 Thames.*

MOSES, the meekest and the best of men,
 Confin'd his mild and pure decrees to ten;
 But thou, benevolent elect of heav'n,
 Hast sworn the code so pious to eleven;
 And, lest our joys below should be too sweet,
 Announcest in thy wrath,
 "THOU SHALT NOT EAT!"

The following Lines were written by Mary Robinson, who lately died at Shadwell, where she kept a small chandler's-shop; they were addressed to the memory of her sister, and bear evident marks of genius.

IN life's sweet opening dawn she sought her God,
 And the gay path of youth with caution trod:
 Her front with virgin modesty she bound,
 And on her lips the law of truth was found.
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
 Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend;
 The bad she censur'd by her life alone,
 Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
 In others' griefs and joys a part she bore,
 And with the needy shar'd her little store:
 At distance saw the world with pious dread,
 To God alone she for protection fled;
 Sought for that peace which heav'n alone can give,
 And learn'd to die, when others learn'd to live.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HARE.

BY HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

HARK! 'twas the knell of death—what spirit
 fled,
 And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear?
 Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead
 Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare?
 Shall not his genius life's short date prolong,
 (Pure as the æther of its kindred sky;)
 Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
 Or beam, in vivid flashes, from his eye?
 Oh no! that mind, for every purpose fit,
 Has met, alas! the universal doom;
 Unrival'd fancy, judgment, sense, and wit,
 Were his, and only left him at the tomb.

Rest, spirit! rest; for gentle was thy course,
 Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew,
 For still benevolence allay'd the force
 Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
 Nor o'er thy various talents drop the tear;
 But weep to think I shall behold no more
 A lost companion, and a friend sincere.

L I N E S,

*Written in a cavity of an ancient Oak, in Himley Park,
 Staffordshire, formed into a Diogenes.*

QUERCUS LOQUITUR.

TO philosophic mental peace disposed,
 Here, in this hollow trunk, I sit compos'd;
 Far from the world, in this sequester'd cell,
 Like old Diogenes, content to dwell
 Inspir'd to moralize, and trace the time
 When this once-towering oak was in its prime:
 When o'er the lawn its verdant branches spread,
 Tho' now, from age and mutilation, dead!
 While the young groves which Dudley's taste has
 plann'd,
 Fringe yon clear lake, and o'er the slopes expand,
 In rising beauty vernal bloom display,
 While laurels shade the vet'rans which decay.

Thus, as I'm musing o'er the sylvan state,
 I view the emblem of our mortal fate!

This relic, then, a temple still shall be
 To those who love arcadian scenes like me;
 Who hear, with rapture, all the warbling throng
 Hail the sweet morn of spring with grateful song.
 Wrapt in the joys of this elysian spot,
 Could PHILIP's son appear to change my lot,
 I, like the ancient sage, wou'd take offence,
 And say---"Vain glory, get thee gone from hence.

Here let me cling, adoring nature's God,
 Who lives confess'd in ev'ry path I've trod."
 "Thou too, avault,"--- I'd to ambition say,
 "Hide not from me the radiant orb of day."
 And, shou'd some envious cloud obscure the skies,
 I'll catch a brighter glance from Dudley's eyes!
 Won by those charms, I'll from my cave retire,
 Where polish'd virtue's social joys inspire:
 Fly to that mansion, seat of true delight,
 Where friendship, love, and harmony unite:
 Where Himley's lord, in yon convivial dome,
 By kind reception, makes us feel---at home.

J. A.

G. R. JUN. ESQ. TUMBLED DOWN STAIRS AT THE
 HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND FELL
 ON HIS HEAD.

I VOW to God, (said old GEORGE R----)
 I now devoutly see,
 A special PROVIDENCE protects
 My eldest SON and ME.

Last year I tumbled in the Thames,
 (It cost ME near a pound;)
 But special PROVIDENCE decrees,
 I never can be drown'd.

My SON, he tumbles upon land,
 But tumbles without dread;
 For, safe by GRAVITATION's Law,
 He tumbles on his head.

A special PROVIDENCE contrived,
 (And so my SON well knew;)
 That what should be his heaviest part,
 Should be his hardest too.

E P I T A P H,

ON ROBERT GRIFFIN, ESQ. WHO DIED SUDDENLY
ON THE POINT OF MARRIAGE, IN
HIS 22d YEAR.

IF matchless virtue, if unspotted truth,
If ripen'd talents in the bloom of youth.
If polished manners, and if sterling sense,
With sportive wit, that never gave offence;
A face, whose features beam'd th' ingenuous mind,
A form more just than Phidias e'er design'd,
GRIFFIN, if these---if beauty's tears could save,
Thou hadst not sunk in this untimely grave.
For thee, dear youth! the torch of Hymen glow'd,
Bright burn'd the flame, and pure the passion flow'd;
Three tedious summers had its fervor proved,
And with thy own chaste fire BELINDA loved.
Gay glides the vessel to the destin'd shore,
Sudden the tempest rage, the surges roar;
In one dire distant quench the sacred light,
And whelm the BRIDEGROOM in eternal night.

E P I T A P H,

*To the memory of a young Lady who lately died at
Portsea.*

WELL art thou call'd relentless, cruel death!
Since neither age, nor sex thy hand can stay:
Now loveliness itself resigns her breath,
For, ah thou tyrant—Charlotte is thy prey.
But, know th' eventful hour approaches fast,
In which no longer shall the parent sigh;
For then thy shiver'd scythe and broken glass,
Shall loud proclaim, that Death itself shall die.

W.

Literary Review.

*Original Poems. By Thomas Green Fessenden, A.M.
Author of "Terrible Tractoration; or Caustic's
Petition to the Royal College of Physicians."
Small 8vo. 4s. 6d. boards.*

AMONG the numerous volumes of poetry which have, of late, been published, we have lamented too great an uniformity, too little discrimination of style and subject. The reader takes up volumes after volumes, and all so much alike, that to distinguish one man's works from another, without reference to the title-page is impossible. From this defect, however, the poems of Fessenden are free; but to grant them merely negative merit were unjust. His subjects are peculiarly interesting, as conveying in a few words, pictures of the internal state of society, in America more particularly, which leaves the mind fully master of its subject, and furnish reflection with arguments far more conducive to sound reasoning, fraught with far more real intelligence, than volumes of dry and abstruse disquisition.

The author is, we understand, an American,

by birth, and in that country received his education. The topics, therefore, which occupy his muse are treated with faithfulness, and the powers of a master; they display to the philanthropist a similarity of manners, in England and America, which will prove the most effectual bond of union; and they prove to the anarchist that to disunite the interest and connection of the two nations, is the most violent distortion of the laws of nature.

Of the execution of this work we can scarcely say too much:—Mr. Fessenden's abilities in Hudibrastic metre, exhibited in his Poem on the Metallic Tractors have been highly commended by every critic. Nor is that fine irony, that admirable thought of wit and humour, less conspicuous on the present occasion. The frequent allusions they contain to American scenery, and American manners, combine instruction with entertainment; and we may safely prophecy that they will long rank high in this kingdom as some of our happiest productions in the burlesque.

But it is not in the ludicrous alone that our author excels, his serious productions are dignified and lofty; they breathe the true spirit of poetry, "the energy divine."

Illustrations of the Truth of the Christian Religion.
By Edward Maltby, B. D. Domestic Chaplain
to the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Second edition.

THIS work, divided into eight chapters, treats in a masterly manner on the evidences

of our common christianity. Though much has been written on the subject, yet we are gratified with a degree of novelty which was not to be expected. Prophecies, miracles, internal evidence, and beneficial effects are here stated and illustrated with considerable ingenuity. The character of Jesus is delineated with a peculiar felicity, and the objections of enemies have, in our opinion, received satisfactory solutions. Godwin's misrepresentations are rectified, being shown to have originated in ignorance or depravity. Lastly, the Mahometan religion is contrasted with Christianity, whilst its inferiority in point of evidence and excellence is demonstrated. The author very properly closes with these emphatic words:—"Surely in the religion of Jesus there is sufficient evidence to warrant our faith—sufficient authority to regulate our conduct—and, sufficient encouragement to elevate and sustain our hope!"

Tales and Poems. By A. Kendall, Author of *Derwent Priory, the Castle on the Rock, &c.*

THIS ingenious volume is divided into prose and poetry. In the prose we find the following articles:—*Knight of Ascalon; Fatal Effects of Seduction; the Eccentric Wife; and, the Fortune-Teller.* Each of these pieces are neat as to their style, and moral as to their sentiment. They are likewise interesting to the imagination, being calculated to gratify the youthful curiosity. The second, or poetical part, con-

tains a great many pieces, of which the *Sketches of Village Scenery; the Grasshopper and the Ant; Lines after reading a Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Edmund Butcher; Lines to my sleeping Infant; and the Poor Little Sweep;* are entitled to particular attention.

The author has contributed several pieces to our miscellany, which have been very acceptable to our readers. We are happy to see those and others collected together, as they cannot fail to be useful and entertaining to the rising generation. We could have enlarged in extracts, but we recommend the purchase of the volume. It is among the few productions in this book-making age which we can recommend as conducive to the promotion of knowledge, of virtue and piety.

The unhappy Effects of Enthusiasm and Superstition. A Sermon, preached Wednesday May 23, 1804, at the Annual Meeting, held in Church Street, Deptford. By John Evans, A. M.

(Published by particular request.)

THIS discourse, inscribed to that truly excellent and popular preacher, the Rev. Hugh Worthington, of Salter's Hall, has for its text, 2 Tim. i. 7. "*God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.*" Mr. E. informs us in the preface, that "in drawing up the sketch of the denominations of the Christian world," he was not a little grieved to perceive so much false religion still prevailing among the professors of Christi-

anity. To point out specific instances, however, might appear an invidious task. In the subsequent pages, therefore, he wishes to bear his humble, though firm testimony against the delirium of enthusiasm, and the folly of superstition, wherever they may be found, or by whomsoever they may happen to be cherished." He also adds, "Protestants as well as Papists, Dissenters as well as Churchmen, would do well to examine themselves on this subject." We sincerely hope that this discourse, which appears to have been drawn up with care and attention may, to use the author's own words, "circumscribe the ravages and diminish the triumphs of infidelity."

An Account of the Cape of Good Hope, with a View of the Political and Commercial Advantages which might be derived from its possession by Great Britain. By Captain Robert Percival.

THE ingenious author of the Account of Ceylon has now, we are happy to say, turned his attention to the Cape of Good Hope, that singular promontory of Africa. Of this part of the world, indeed, we have lately been favoured with other accounts, though the present, it must be confessed, is entitled to particular commendation. It is divided into thirteen chapters, containing many curious anecdotes illustrative of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the country. Accustomed as we have been for so long a period to call it the half-way house to the East Indies, we cannot fail

of estimating its importance and utility. The scenery around Cape Town is, it seems, wild and romantic to a degree of which we, in this part of the globe can have no conception. The Table Mountain and its prospect are noticed by every traveller—forming a conspicuous trait in the appearance of this wild, uncivilized, and distant country.

A Tour through England described in a Series of Letters, from a young Gentleman to his Sister. With Copper Plates.

THIS little work is so very short in its account of the several places, that it communicates little or no information. Indeed, it may rather be called a *Flying Tour*, for never was there a more rapid glance taken at the different parts of our island. The pieces of poetry are, for the most part, taken from *Evans's Juvenile Tourist*, without acknowledgement. Indeed, the work may suit mere children, by means of its excessive brevity.

Lackington's Confessions rendered into Narrative, to which are added, Observations on the bad Consequences of educating Daughters at Boarding-Schools. By Allen Macleod, Esq.

FROM this title the reader would suppose that the confessions of Lackington were detached pieces of poetry, and, that Mr. Macleod had obliquely put them into humble prose, that they might be the more extensively

useful to the public :—No such thing. These said confessions were in the form of letters, which is here discarded, being thrown into 144 pages of a continued and long-winded narration. In short, Mr. Lackington's confessions were *queer* things, Mr. Macleod's comments on these said confessions are *queer* things, but *queer* things are sometimes very acceptable to some individuals in this queer world, therefore we have thought proper to take this *queer* notice of the present curious publication.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR JUNE, 1804.

NO important events have, since our last report, arisen in the political world. The *New Ministry*, if such they may be called, have done little or nothing, notwithstanding their boasted professions in behalf of their country. The *Defence Bill*, after wonderful exertions, has been carried by Mr. PITT, through the House of Commons. Whether it will pass through the House of Lords, is by some doubted. Be this as it may, the opposition it has already experienced is, many think, a sufficient reason for its not becoming a *Law of the Land*. Parishes, it is feared, will be very heavily burthened without rendering, after all, any very essential service to the country. In our present situation great delicacy is requi-

site in increasing the burdens of the people, we wish this necessary circumstance received more attention from the present ministry.

As to FRANCE, the *new Emperor* proceeds in the gratification of his ambition without controul. He has assumed all the trappings of office, and arrogated to himself all the titles of honour by which the vanity of man can be gratified. He has even given orders to his spiritual satellites to return thanks to Almighty God, no doubt, for his gracious elevation of him to the Imperial Purple, but it is no new thing to see *villainy* and *hypocrisy* thus united—in the history of the world.

Rumours still circulate relative to INVASION; some have lately said, that the enemy were embarked to attack this country. We believe it to be a false alarm, and as such it appears to have been treated. The French at this moment are capable of committing any outrage on the civilized nations of the earth. Britain, however, we are persuaded, faithful to herself, will overwhelm her enemies in irremediable destruction.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JUNE, 1804.

4. **T**HE King's birth-day kept with the usual splendor and festivity. His Majesty, however, was not able to appear, owing, it is said, to the excessive heat of the

day. Many of the female nobility, we understand, fainted away on the occasion.

5. A very long and animated debate in the House of Commons, respecting Mr. Pitt's long-promised motion on *the Defence of the Country*.

8. A melancholy accident happened at Romney:—Some soldiers went out in a boat, fishing, a very short distance from shore; they were at once overset, and four drowned, although every attempt was made to ensure their safety.

11. A curious affair came on in the King's Bench.—A Mr. Wilson obtained a Rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be granted against a gentleman of the name of Brown, for insulting and obstructing a magistrate, in the execution of his office. The transaction happened at a fair in Buckinghamshire, where a *Mountebank* was holding forth to a mob, which being very large, the magistrate thought proper to disperse. Mr. Brown, it was stated, exerted himself in behalf of Mr. *Mountebank*, with circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

12. A young man, of 23 years of age, a native of Ireland, and student at Lincoln's Inn, privately examined at Bow-street for sending *Love-Letters* to Mrs. SIDDONS, and insisting upon access to her. The result was, that after the magistrates and Mr. Kemble had pointed out the folly of making love to a *married-woman*, he promised to be no longer troublesome to Mrs. S. and was liberated.

13. The Recorder made his report to his

Majesty of eighteen prisoners under sentence of death, when all were respited during his Majesty's pleasure. The cases of Robert Aslett, and fifteen other prisoners were not reported. This is altogether a singular affair, and has excited among the public a variety of speculations.

14. Anniversary dinner of the *Naval Asylum*, for the education of the orphans of the British sailors and marines, was held at the London Tavern; his Royal Highness the DUKE of CUMBERLAND in the chair. The objects of this institution, it was remarked, are the peculiar objects of our tenderness, as their brave fathers were our pride and glory.

16. An unfortunate duel took place between two officers at Colchester, one of whom received a mortal wound; the other, and his second, immediately set off for the continent. It is deeply to be lamented that the laws of the land do not interfere to check this species of bloody insanity.

18. The famous annual sheep-shearing commenced at *Wooburn Abbey*, the seat of the DUKE of BEDFORD; an institution established by his late illustrious brother, and which reflects an honour to his memory. The company on this occasion was immense; near 300 dined at the Abbey. His GRACE was in the chair, supported by the Earls of Ossory and Albemarle, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Somerville, &c. Among the company were the Duke of Manchester, Lord Ludlow, Sir Harry Featherstone,

&c. A number of excellent toasts were given appropriate to the occasion.

19. In the Court of King's Bench, Messrs. Stevens and Agnew were brought up to receive sentence for having committed extortion, while in office in the East Indies, received a sum of money from one of the native princes. The sentence was, that Stevens should pay a fine of 5000*l.* and be imprisoned two years;—that Agnew should be imprisoned two years, and that *both* should refund 10,000*l.* which they had gained by their extortion.

20. Another agricultural meeting at *Wooburn Abbey*, consisting of some very respectable characters, who made a very close examination into several important rural improvements. Printed proposals were circulated respecting the PREMIUMS to be given *next year*, which are liberal and well-directed. Among the company were discerned the Portuguese Ambassador, Earls Lauderdale and Darnley, Lord William Russel, Mr. Coke, Mr. Byng, Mr. Anson, Mr. Northey, Mr. Lee Antonie, and several other persons of distinction.

The Vaccine has met the greatest success in Persia. Letters from Dr. Milne, and M. Jukes, at Bassora, state, that all the Persians were desirous to have their children inoculated with the Vaccine. The Hospodar of Moldavia has sent Dr. De Caro a magnificent Indian shawl, and a very obliging letter, with an account of the efficacious measures he had adopted to propagate the Vaccine.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ROBERT Wren, Petersfield, Southampton, fell-monger. James Ascough, Leeds, woolstapler. George Ascough, Gerveaux, York, woolstapler. William Rimmer, Ormskirk, Lancaster, innkeeper. John Witherell, Long Acre, coachmaker. William Haire and Henry Suthmier, Denmark-street, Ratcliffe Highway, sugar-refiners. John Fletcher, Warrington, Lancaster, and John Lodge Hubbersty, Lincoln's Inn, cotton-spinners. Thomas Hague, Cannon-row, Westminster, money-scriver. John Page, Worcester, hop-merchant. Matthew Mackenzie, Fleet-street, London, vintner. Thomas Key, of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, linen-draper. William Gedge, Leicester-square, Middlesex, linen-draper. William Stockley, Haymarket, shoeing-smith. Alexander Macaulay, London, merchant. Richard Roberts, St. Paul's Church-yard, victualler. Henry Briggs, Belvidere-place, St. George's Fields, horse-dealer. William Monk, Strand, truss-maker. Samuel Watson. Blakeney, Norfolk, corn-merchant. Jones Percival, Croydon, stable-keeper. Thomas Coote, Norwich, iron-monger. John Lewis, Tyndol, Merionethshire, drover. Thomas Chippendale, St. Martin's-lane, Middlesex, upholsterer. Robert Smith, Timberland, Lincoln, grocer. Stephen Bally, Bristol, tailor. Robert Thompson, South Shields, Durham, block and mast-maker. David Esthill, Kingston-upon-Hull, draper. Geo. Bickett, Kendall, Westmoreland, brandy-merchant. Thomas Plumleigh, Bristol, grocer. John Bicknell, Little Maddox-street, Hanover-square, dealer in artificial flowers. Edward Hilder Strange, Sussex, grocer. Edward Curling, Margate, hoy-

man. John Parrott, late of Ratcliffe Highway, victualler. George Field and William Field, Old Swan Stairs, Upper Thames-street, merchants. Jonathan Pickernell, Sunderland near the Sea, Durham, dealer and chapman. Robert Williamson, Rosk Hill, York, farmer. Thomas Smith Williams, Mincing-lane, ship-broker. Sarah Holmden, Seven Oaks, Kent, miller. Thomas Levington, St. Catherine's, slopseller. Thomas Knight, Canterbury, shopkeeper. Thomas Wood, Ross, Herefordshire, woolstapler. Samuel Nichols the younger, Bath, upholsterer. George Evans, Hatfield-place, Surry, builder. Charles Maclean, Beaufort-buildings, Strand, merchant. Francis David de la Chaumetta, Leadenhall-street, merchant and insurance-broker. Thomas Colville and James Holmes, Liverpool, merchants. James Burgess, Coventry-street, Haymarket, military hatter. Thomas Grinter, New Bond-street, auctioneer. James Waters, South End, Kent, victualler. John Hall, Wapping High-street, tailor. Robert Henderson, Bridgewater-square, pocket-book-maker. Thomas Wood, Manchester, and William Jackson, Ealingwood, York, cotton-spinners. Joseph Whiting Holmes, Portsea, Southampton, ironmonger. Thomas Corbyn, Cheapside, draper. Robert Dymoke, Temple Mills, Stratford, Essex, calico-printer. Whitelock Bartholomew, Carlisle, Cumberland, grocer. Edmund Walker, Kidderminster, Worcester, grocer. Ralph Good, Sarum, Wilts, linen-draper. John White, Great Russell-street, Covent Garden, tin-plate-worker. Benjamin Ellis, Liverpool, liquor-merchant. John Smith, Poland-street, St. James's, merchant. John Belcher, Lamb's Conduit-street, merchant. William Elliott, Newington Causeway, haberdasher. Henry Fulcher, Shoe-lane, victualler. Benjamin Ellis, Holt, Norfolk, vintner. John Ogle, Pick-

wick, Wilts, and Wm. Walton, Liverpool, merchants. Nicholas Wendover, Epsom, Surrey, corn-dealer.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

ON Thursday the 14th inst. at Greenwich, by the Rev. George Mathew, Captain Downman, of the Royal Artillery, Son of Colonel Downman, of the same regiment, to Miss Lucy Holmes, third daughter of William Holmes, Esq. of Westcombe Park, Blackheath.

On Friday, the 15th, by special licence, at Lord Yarborough's, in Arlington-street, William Tennant, Esq. of Aston Hall, Staffordshire, to the Hon. Charlotte Pelham, fourth daughter of Lord Yarborough.

On the 17th ult. at Penrith, Mr. John Townley, to Miss Smillie, both of that place. The bride's age is only fifteen years and eight months, and she weighs 14st. 9lb.!

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. at the Earl of Westmoreland's, in Berkeley-square, Lord Boringdon, to Lady Augusta Fane.—The bride was dressed remarkably plain, in a petticoat of white sarsenet, train of fine plain white muslin, body and sleeves of very rich lace, broad lace robins, a very fine straw hat with artificial flowers, and a rich white veil. The happy couple, with the best wishes of all around them, set off in a chariot and four, immediately after the ceremony, to Lord Villiers, at Osterly Park. Her sister, Lady Sarah Fane, was married to Lord Villiers precisely at the same hour that day four weeks.

DEATHS.

ON the 12th inst. suddenly, at his house in Charles-street Berkeley-square, General Marsh, Colonel of the 77th Regiment of Foot.

On the 13th, at Bath, General Conway.

At the seat of Lord Frederic Campbell, Coombank, Kent, the Viscountess Curzon, very much regretted.

At Hurlingham, near Fulham, Christopher Parker, Esq. in the 42d year of his age, Vice Admiral of the Red, and only son of Sir Peter Parker, Bart. of a long and painful illness.

At Bristol Hot Wells, of a decline, Henry Le Mesurier, Esq. aged 23, late of the 52d Regiment of Foot.

At Kistnagery, India, lately, at the age of 105 years, Fucosewood-Deen, the Chief Qazee of the Baramahl. He went about in perfect health till within three weeks of his death. His wife is still in the same perfect use of all her faculties at the age of 98. At the same place there is a Moosulman woman aged 106 years, who a few years ago could walk about, but now she cannot rise, and sees very little, she however converses still pretty well.

In Arlington-street, Lord L. W. Gower, aged 13 months, youngest son of the Marquiss of Stafford.

Lately, at Robin's Rest, Ferry-side, Carmarthenshire, in the 92d year of his age, Robert Brigstocke, Esq. It is worthy of remark, that this old veteran carried with him no less than eight wounds, received in eight different campaigns, in the honourable service of his country, during the late and present reign.

Lately, at Eatnelston Abbey, near Barnard Castle, Esther Laine, aged 105 years. She retained her faculties to the day of her death, and died of a short illness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY Favours are received which we have not room to acknowledge individually.



Drawn & Engraved by J. Chapman 1803.